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THE MASTER SONG

THE MASTER SONG

AND OTHER ADDRESSES

BY
MARK WAYNE WILLIAMS
PASTOR HANSON PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
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FIRST EDITION

Dedicated
TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER
who by precept, example, and prayer
taught all their children to sing the
Master Song.

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I

THE MASTER SONG

NIGHT outside, but the wide moon makes strange shadows in the world. Vanished are the color and the glory of the day. The turrets and battlements of Jerusalem are now gigantic fears; the majestic Temple is a wall of darkness; the gray olive trees of Gethsemane have turned black, and their quaint, gnarled limbs have become symbols of torture. Slipping along the terraces come the feet of the lurkers; chill whispers thread the narrow courts. Here they gather and there, the little bands with torches, clubs, and manacles. This is a moon-struck world, weird with superstition and hatred. They are waiting for the Master and His disciples to come forth.

Through yonder shadows a stairway leads to the upper room. The candles melt into light. Couched around the table, having eaten the Passover feast, the disciples listen to Him. What words of grace issue from His lips. Surely the light on His brow was never reflected from any candle. Judas has gone out, a fantastic moon shadow. The sacred mystery of body and blood is passed about; in it they seal their memorial devotion. Will you ever forget those faces? Faces of Galilean peasants; faces of seekers after God; faces of the sons of glory; faces that transformed marble at the touch of Thorwaldsen; faces that haunted da Vinci in the chapel at Milan; faces sculptured by sufferings of love, yet tinted by a radiance of hope, as they look at Him, as they hear Him, as they follow Him, as they adore Him. Below, in the shadows, wait the watchers for the Master.

Lo, they are coming forth. The door swings ajar. The group have risen to their feet. They have extinguished the candle. Hasten, ye lurkers, to your chiefs and elders; the love feast is ended; your time of evil is at hand. The Master is ready for Gethsemane. The sweet converse of vine and mansion and Comforter is finished. The selfish am-

bitions of individual disciples are hushed in the harmony of that rich communion. The sorrow of the cross lies athwart their exodus. Ended are prayer and discourse. They are coming forth.

But not yet. The true spiritual and emotional climax of the scene ensues.

The supreme note of their comradeship, of their faith, of their sacrificial daring, sounds on the night. "When they had sung their hymn, they went out." Sorrow turns to a song; love becomes a lyric; the mystery beyond words seeks melody; anguish and apprehension flame into holiest art. From an open door, out into the night of enemies and agonies, the Master Singer and His disciples are singing their Master Song. So the nightingale breasts the deadly thorn; so the dying swan chants his requiem; so all valiant souls go forth,—singing into their darkness.

I am glad that they sang, for earth's best dreams were built to music, therefore never built at all. The morning stars sang together at the creation. Troy walls were reared to the sound of lyres, and Jericho fell to the music of trumpets. The Sphynx broke into song at the rays of the rising sun, and Orpheus tamed wild beasts and wilder hades by his compelling harp. What, indeed, is this visible universe for, if not to become a Symphony Hall, dedicated to celestial harmony; vibrant with heavenly orchestras?

One night I sat on a fence rail in the hills of New Hampshire; a golden twilight pervaded wood and field. My fence rail turned out to be a magic seat in the gallery of the cosmic concert room. Orchestra and conductor were invisible. There were no scarlet and crimson costumes; no waiters with ice-cream and small beer; no cigar smoke; no programs; no chattering seat-holders; no bustling late-comers. Sculptured on floating clouds I saw the faces of Beethoven and Weber, Chopin and Liszt, Mozart, Schubert and Verdi. The great organ was dark as the tall pine trees. The walls were meadow green and deep sky blue; the domed ceiling was jeweled with a million stars; a rich orange moon rose through pearl mists and cast amethystine shadows on the summits. Melting and intermingled lavender and saffron, wine and rose, emerald and gray, sapphire,

crimson and topaz were woven in the loom of twilight as by some mighty color organ. Firefly Pucks danced down pasture aisles.

The winds in the pines shrilled like violins; the bull frogs in the swamp boomed the solemn basses. Crickets thrummed for the second strings, and waterfalls cascaded like marvelous cellos. I heard mosquitoes blow their flageolets. Whippoorwill clarinets, foxbark cornets, the bay as of a bass horn, percussive crashing of trampled twigs, woodwind chirp of sleepy birds—the world had become a universal orchestra. I heard a strain from Euridice, a pastoral by Pan; the march of the Pied Piper; the Waltzes of the Morning Stars; Adam's Paradiso; the Overture to Humanity. Weird minors that would drag your heart out. Silence—and then major, full-voiced, the very constellations sang, every cloud echoed with the Hallelujah Chorus of Moses and the Lamb.

Then I knew that the sole purpose of living was but to turn all experience to music, and that the symphony of the eternal throne was like the sound of many waters, for many were the varied human aspirations that ran singing toward heaven's ocean; that it was like the sound of thunders, for the sharp bitterness and discord of experience is needed for the deeper tones of that ultimate music, and that it was like the sound of harpers playing on their harps, because the tender ministries of loving fingers have made all our heart strings vibrate with chords and arpeggios of affection.

There are those who grudge permission to the ministries of art amid the stern problems of theology, politics and economics. The raw, hard facts of existence require straight and ungentle blows. The painter, the musician, and the poet are aside from the realities of living. They are as God made them, doubtless, something a little less than normal men. The marketplace, the forum, the laboratory where men trade, and vote, and invent, are the proper haunts of men of the crimson corpuscles. Concerts and exhibitions may but recreate the exhausted commercial Napoleon. Fine arts are meant to be locked in museums, to be displayed to trooping school children and despised by mature mentalities. And as for art in religion, that belongs to the preliminaries—

merely relish and condiment for strong meat like theology, and ethics, and history.

The real fact is that music, instead of being merely drapery and trimming for life and religion, is their right essential. Emotion is relaxed and unreal until it becomes lyric. So long as folk argue about their religion you may know that they have none, except in an academic sense. As soon as men begin to sing, I know their faith is genuine, however imperfect. You are really only what you sing. For singing gets back of your formal thinking and expresses, fortifies, and perpetuates the great inner tides of life. Too long have we imagined that the logician, the debater, the theologian, the scientist, was the true leader of religion. The artist far transcends the scholar and the philosopher. The singer is greater than the statesman and warrior. He that sings, and teaches others to sing the right song with a merry heart, is mankind's best benefactor. Moses the artist is more venerable than Moses the Lawgiver. The tabernacle with its Shekinah is holier than tables of stone. David's scepter ruled a tiny kingdom for a few decades, but his psalms have swayed the hearts of humanity for three millenniums. Elijah's sword killed two hundred prophets of Baal, but Isaiah's mighty measures have made all the thrones of oppression to tremble. They have twisted Paul into a theologian, he who was supremely a poet of faith. How much better had Christendom fared, if instead of criticizing, connoting and arguing about Paul's miracle of the Roman epistle, they had set to music such poignant chapters as that flaming eighth, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," or harmonized Corinthians thirteen, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love." And they will even make a pedant schoolmaster, a walking labor delegate, or an efficient big business man, out of our Master Singer of Galilee, the Poet of Pentecost.

True religion is neither a business, nor a system of ethic, nor a science nor a philosophy, but an art, adoring, perceptive, triumphant. Unless life itself exults, rejoices, sings, it misses its mark, it falls into despond, it is the victim of the shadows. Religion is an art, the fine art of believing, be-

loving, believing. I may never define the Trinity, but I can play its chord upon the harpstrings of my emotional experience. For this is creation's wonder, "out of three sounds to frame not a fourth sound, but a star."

To what strange uses men have put the Holy Scriptures, wresting them from their sublime intent to serve the baser ends of strife and pettyfogging. Now they make it a library of musty tomes, arid, abstruse, whose meanings must be twisted from their tortuous caverns by spectacled archeologists, grammarians, linguists, rusty historians, dusty lower critics, fusty higher critics, and lusty exponents of theories of inspiration and interpretation. They have made the Bible a quarry for old slate and sandstone and marble. Or an armory for opposing denominations to find the wherewithal for blithe and never ceasing warfare. Or else it is an icehouse for the cold storing of ancient myths and outgrown creeds. And they have missed the truth, that the Bible is a mighty poem, sonant with the everlasting surge of human longing, and vibrant with the breath of the Spirit of the Living God.

The Bible is the most majestic pipe-organ ever known, beyond the ancient fame of Harlem or the Temple, beyond the latest miracle of pipes and stops and keyboards and electric connections. Behold this marvelous instrument, that stirs tidal emotions in every believing soul. Examine the banked organs, each with its octaves of black and white, of threat and promise. The Pedal Organ of the Pentateuch, ponderous with commandments; the Great Organ of the Prophets, with avalanches of dream and destiny; the Celestial Organ of the Psalms, thrilling with inward yearning and exaltation; then the Angelic Organ of the Gospels, melodious with unearthly strains of happiness; the Choir Organ of the Epistles, with their Pentecostal and missionary choral responses; and finally the Echo Organ of the Apocalypse whose trumpets of destiny and harps of bliss reverberate to the farthest aisles of the cathedral of time.

Observe if you will the extraordinary number and variety of pipes; the diapasons and bourbons of Genesis and Isaiah; the violins and violas of Matthew and Luke; the trumpets of Joshua; the flutes of Amos; the piccolo of

Obadiah; the harp of David; the clarinets of Jeremiah; the trombones of Paul; the cellos of John. How intertwined and coupled by prophecies and histories, a hundred golden and scarlet threads tying into one symphonic organism this blessed miracle and miracle worker. Alas, too many are satisfied to peer into its mechanism, to trace its connections, to count its stops and pipes and keys and couplers. O soul of man, put away thy prying and peepings and putterings; take thy seat in some far recess out in the aisle of the Great Cathedral. Turn thy whole soul to a pair of ears; listen for voices as earnestly as ever the Maid of Orléans listened for the voices of St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret under the dream tree at Domremy.

The organist comes to the consol; he stretches his gifted fingers lightly over the tremulous ivory. The sigh of the Invisible Spirit begins to breathe through all the expectant instrument. Our organist to-day may be Spurgeon, or Wesley, or Parker, or Brooks, or Jowett or Beecher. Now a few arpeggios; some chords and modulations of gathering power; an intertwining of melodies from some of those sweet old chapters; then a great rise of harmonic sequence; pastoral pipings; thunders from Sinai; a rhapsody in the garden; a threnody at the cross; the song of the lark above the battle clouds; the crash of systems, empires, worlds; dreams and visions, hopes and fears; sin, salvation, experience, faith, hope, love, patience, glory, heaven. So floods forth the music of the spirit from the Organ of God's word, when played upon by some divinely stirred musician.

But in the last analysis, you cannot sit and listen to music. You must be a maker of melody. You must turn your heart, your voice, your life, into a song of praise. He that can sing and won't sing should be sent to Sing Sing or to Singapore. Treasons, strategies and spoils are the fit products of the untuneful soul. Heaven can be no place for those who cannot sing and play the harp. Bad voices, dull ears, clumsy fingers, and lazy lungs are no excuse for shirking our duty and privilege of song. You can no more hire some one to praise God for you than you can hire some one to be good in your place. All the scripture quotations, all the confessions of faith, all the deeds of charity avail

nothing for him who will not sing. For song is the essence of prayer, of faith, of life. If you are in the dungeon of despair, every door shut, every way barred, sing a hymn, and the prison gates will fly back at your song. If you are alone on the bleak mountains, benighted and afraid, sing a hymn, and the Shepherd will come to your aid. If you are tempted by greed, torn by passion, overborne by pride, sing a hymn, and these wild beasts will skulk from the environs of your soul. If you are sick, weakly, failing, sing a hymn, and the red blood of courage will surge through your limbs and shine in your countenance. Sing a hymn, and all the blue devils will dive into their burrows as they did when first they heard the song of the herald angels at Bethlehem. Sing a hymn.

For supernatural is the puissance of song. In the Wartburg at Eisenach Luther lay imprisoned by his friends for safety's sake. Here he hurled his ink pot at the impertinent devil. Here he translated the scriptures into the German vernacular. But as he pondered his thundering thesis, preparing his mighty revolution, tempering his iron arguments to buttress his high purpose, a flood of ancient music began to flame and pour through his massive revery. For within this very castle had sung the Master Singer of them all, of all those minnesingers in the Middle Ages. Walther von der Vogelweide had here in a great Saengerfest rendered his immortal Master Song. And as Luther dreamed of the minnesingers and troubadors who had sung the Crusades into the Dark Ages, and romance and chivalry into a sordid, plague-smitten generation, Luther discovered a source of power for the new Evangel. The pen is mightier than the sword, but song is mightiest of the mighty. And so from "Now thank we all our God" and "A Mighty Fortress is our God" through thousands of chorales, and organ strains of Bach, and songs of Schubert, and symphonies of Beethoven and operas of Wagner and oratorios of Handel awoke the profound of the human heart and gave mankind a new revelation and an unimagined capacity of emotional experience.

One day I walked the alluring streets of Strassburg. I climbed the lofty tower. I listened to the historic old clock

in the transept of the surpassing cathedral. I visited the striking sarcophagus of Marshal Saxe. I sat in the inn where Voltaire used to dine. I beheld the house once occupied by the student Goethe. I gazed upon the statue of Johannes Gutenberg, inventor of movable types. Then in climax, I saw in the Place Broglie the house where once resided Rouget de l'Isle, and where he wrote that immortal grenadier march of the Revolution—the Marseillaise. Again I seemed to hear the throb of drums, the murmur of the marching mob, the thunder of voices, “Marchons, Marchons.” I saw the Sansculottes gathering before that most ancient and terrible prison, the Bastille. What mighty dynamite could overthrow the tyrannies rooted in that granite dungeon? Not all the high power guns, nor Big Berthas, nor T. N. T., nor sky-flung bombs, nor deep-dug countermines, not all the mechanic force of all the ages could so have upheaved that somber symbol, that impregnable cruelty. But there is a gunpower more formidable than the mightiest armaments of steel—the explosive dynamite of a patriotic song. They sang, those French peasants and Paris rabble, they sang the Marseillaise. They sang, and the walls of the Bastille fell. They sang, and the divine right of kings fell from its usurped throne. They sang, with harsh voices and terrible eyes, and age-long iniquity shuddered and quailed and fled. They sang, with horrid leer and bloody hands, until song had set oppressed peoples free, and music had enthroned the divine rights of humanity.

Fronting the night and the cross, they sang that Master Song. Doubtless it was part of the Great Hallel, Psalms 114 to 118. This was humanity's song of victory. I hear in it the strains of that pean to Jehovah which Moses and Miriam and the Children of Israel sang when they escaped from Pharaoh through the waters of the Red Sea. I hear the motif of that victory when Deborah and Barak sang the defeat of Sisera and his Canaanites. I hear the massed choir and orchestras prepared by David for the superb ministries in the Temple of his son Solomon. I hear the sound of the wailing harps of the captives in Babylon, pleading with Jehovah. I hear the trumpets sounding hallelujah as they

march back to their home land. I hear the voices of the Maccabean hosts go singing into battles. I hear Paul and Silas singing an earthquake to burst the prison walls of Philippi. I hear the Christian martyrs singing in the labyrinths of the Catacombs their hymns of praise to Christ as God. I hear St. Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher of Constantinople, singing the Athanasian creed into the hearts of Arian worshippers. I hear the voice of hymns above the roar of the wild beasts in the Colosseum at Rome. I hear St. Francis singing by the wayside. I hear the missionaries of the cross singing overseas and amid heathen lands. I hear the six thousand hymns of Charles Wesley, as the Methodist revival cleanses the Augean stable of England's unbelief. I hear the voice of Ira Sankey singing "There were ninety and nine that safely lay." I hear the golden throat of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, singing "Home, Sweet Home." I hear Fanny Crosby, the blind singer of America, singing "Blessed Assurance." I hear the majestic roll of St. Gregory's stern chants. I hear the orchestra on the Titanic playing as the fated ship goes down, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I hear poor blind Matheson singing, "O Love that wilt not let me go." I hear the tribulations of the saints and the victories of the redeemed. I hear them marching to the chorus of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." I see them kneeling at sunset, singing, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." I hear them singing still in the hour of death, that simple faith and noble courage of Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom." A brief silence, then again I hear a host which no man can number, of every tribe and nation, in every age and tongue, singing that great home-coming song, "Jerusalem the Golden, with milk and honey blest." And finally, in a blessed chorus which catches up all life's majors in one overwhelming harmony, I hear the angels and the redeemed of God around the throne singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. That is the Master Song. That was the song they sang that night.

They sang their song,—peculiarly, personally, passionately theirs. They face the ancient pagan death, they front the portent of the cross. They are marching to Gethsemane

and to Golgotha. Nevertheless, they sang? No, therefore they sang. Their fear blossomed into faith, their ashes into roses, their cross to a crown. No longer shall they sing despite danger. They shall learn to sing because of it. The finest aspiration of the race had become their aspiration. The holiest expression of faith had become their expression. The best revelation of God's grace had become their revelation. Theirs by the right of faith; theirs by the right of sympathy; theirs by the right of sorrow; theirs by the right of sacrifice.

Into what woven harmony did these voices blend in song? May we devoutly imagine Jesus, with Peter and James, carrying the virile air? Perhaps we have in John a high lyric tenor, aided by Nathanael and Matthew. Thundering below, the heavy voice of Thomas, Simon the Zealot, and Bartholomew, with James and Jude and Philip on the barytone. Together, fronting the cross, they, earth's Master Singers, are singing earth's Master Song, victory by way of sacrifice; victory for men of faith; victory over sin and death and hell.

O Singer, afar, invisible, unknown, will you not add your voice to the voices of these singers. And will you not listen, perchance to hear above the noises of time that one Voice? That Voice that Homer must have heard above the purple Adriatic. That Voice that Virgil must have heard in the twilight wood. That Voice that whispered the mysteries of justice and love to Dante. I hear Him singing in the loveliness of Shakspere, the organ magic of Milton. His Voice must have turned back the armies of Attila the Hun. He sang above the shouts of the Crusaders. Doubtless He sang with Cromwell's Ironsides. Was he not singing, too, in the bitter trenches of Picardy and Flanders? Listen and learn from Him to catch the secret of life, until your Gethsemane shall be turned to music, and your Golgotha to praise.

II

A GOLD MINE IN YOUR DOORYARD

THERE is gold in the multitudinous ocean, but so diluted that it is inutile. There is gold in the Arctic icefields, but there is no highway to find it, no fire to refine it. There is treasure sunken in the depth of the sea, but who shall lift again the stout galleons of Spain to daylight? There is gold in Patagonia and Thibet, there is gold in Mars and Orion, there is gold enough to make us all rich. But Nature is too intractable, distances are too vast, labor is too stupendous, life is too short, breath too scant. Oh, how different things would be, if only we had our gold mines near at hand, accessible, convenient. If only we had a gold mine in our dooryard, how easy for each of us to be wealthy. How secure we would feel, if we knew, that hidden in our back yard, under the roots of our rosebushes, unsuspected maybe by our neighbors, was an outcropping of gold-bearing quartz richer than ever the Comstock lode. How pleasant on a summer evening to water that garden, to play croquet, to chat with friends, and always secretly to know that right in that simple garden was an inexhaustible treasure. How delightful, when our income tax presses sorely upon our resources, to take a pick and spade, dig up a bit of shining ore, sift a few handfuls of gravel in a colander, and pick up nuggets as big as walnuts. What relief, when debts are piling up beyond our capacity to pay, in the hidden twilight surely to scoop up wealth sufficient for all our need. And when the mortgage on our house falls due, and there is no uncle from Australia to return in the nick of time and redeem us from calamity, how stunning it would be to delve and fill a few buckskin bags with gold dust, and hand them out carelessly with, "Take these, and cancel my mortgage."

To know that all the extravagance in the world cannot exhaust your supplies; that your treasure will not vanish

with the mists of the morning; that no burglars may despoil you; that no sky blue investments may worry you; that your hoard, instead of growing beautifully less and less, grows bountifully more and more, what a dream this would be for Aladdin or Ali Baba. Yet life's supremest values are to be found, not in Ceylon nor South Africa, nor the bottom of the sea, nor the top of Mt. Everest, but beside your own door, in the garden of your own tending, near the hearth of your own experience. For "the kingdom of heaven is as a householder, that bringeth out of his treasures things new and old."

There go the explorers, discoverers of earth's illimitable resources. I see them at the prow, with hoisted sails, skimming the great deeps, on, past Crete, past Sicily, past the Pillars of Hercules, now rounding the Cape of Good Hope, now sighting San Salvador, threading now the wilderness of Virginia, now circumnavigating the globe. I see them, on horseback, afoot, in covered wagons, daring the desert, the long trail, the wild savage, in apocryphal quest for a golden Eldorado. I see them mushing through the snows of the Yukon, weathering the typhoons of the Indian Ocean, breasting the simoons of the Sahara. I see them felling primeval forests and breaking immeasurable prairies with oxen, with mules, with tractors. Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Hendrick Hudson, Clark, Rogers, Drake, Cook, Magellan, Livingstone—they have carved their names on every arching stone that bridges the river of time. How many, alas, sought, fevered, flagged and failed, found and lost fortunes in Australia, Borneo, California, Brazil, and died poor and broken and forlorn.

There, too, go the inventors, adventurers among the seas of the elements, the far continents of matter, the rivers of natural law, the wilderness of scientific discovery. I see them smiting the sullen rock of the universe, and causing to leap forth from it myriad streams of blessing, convenience and comfort. The stars are melted into electrons, the waters are harnessed to spindles, invisible genii listen to them from stupendous gulfs and fling back answers to their daring inquisitions. The pageant of a dream becomes embodied and living reality. Millions of fiery chariots whirl

down glassy pavements, or fly like winged dragons through the astonished firmament, hissing hot vapors through their fierce and relentless teeth.

The slime of the bottomless pit whispers its secret, the mile-thick granite walls of geologic ages swing open upon creaking hinges. Light and space and time and power and life, the mysteries of the created universe, divulge their unfathomable meanings and contribute their ineffable resources.

Yet have there been many who fellowed with Newton and Bacon, and Galileo and Thompson and Edison and Watts and Darwin and Franklin and Wright and Pasteur, who sought and wrought and yet fell by the way. They starved in attics, they crucified the flesh, they paid with their own sweat and blood to find and hold the hidden treasures of knowledge, but always and ever in vain. They died, and no stone marks their sepulcher, and none cares who passes by.

There, too, go the makers, the wielders of mechanic force and economic industrial order. They also have adventured toward the golden promises of existence. They have welded society into mighty looms and levers and wheels and enginery. They have coined the unminted elements of civilization and made them into legal tender. They have lifted steeples to the clouds and laid foundations deep burrowed in the earth.

Factories and markets, ports and railway centers, banking systems like interweaving webs of the spider, cities with storied streets, huge masses of endeavor, blazing, blasting, tugging, like anthills overrun with human termites, and out of the belching smoke and roaring furnace and bloody agony appears wealth, commodity, possession. Yet in this huge maelstrom of wicked struggle, though many succeed, many more stumble, and fall, through weakness and shock and carelessness, fall and are crushed under the Juggernaut, as it goes merrily on with its riotous worshippers.

So the treasure of earth is for the explorers, the inventors, the makers among mankind, but the treasure of heaven is for the householder, owner of his own little cottage, inconspicuous and unsought after, but content, with ancient paint on his walls, but with a gold mine in his dooryard. The

freehold of faith is an old-fashioned country home. It has come down through long years of heritage. About it are the walls of tradition and custom. It has its pillared entrance, its smooth, green court, its inner doorway. The rooms are wide, if a bit lowly of ceiling.

The chimneys are capacious, the windows like to be dull hued and leaded. Somber with the smoke of ages and the weathering of time, yet the oaken rafters will not shake in a storm, nor the stone foundations cease. Ivy clammers over the brick wall and slate roof, and lovely, old-fashioned flowers bloom like Christian virtues in the front court and the high-walled garden at the rear. Here is no stuffy attic in a city slum; no rented apartment to be flitted from next moving day. Compact with memories and old associations, the home holds treasure inestimable by worldly standards, unattainable by mundane adventure.

The nomads of the apartments of Gotham, in their rented tents, cannot store much of real value, any more than they can allow room for much furniture. We must travel light, and so we strip ourselves of the impedimenta of the past. Our covered wagons will carry only the barest soul necessities. Our speeding autos must leave behind pictures, and libraries and heirlooms of oak and porcelaine. He who runs may read, and therefore only such large headline type as may be read on the run. Quick lunch counters replace the stately banquet hall. Like weary ghosts who may stay after cock crow, we startle at every chanticleer's horn, slither through the haze, and cannot wait even to tell where our terrible treasure lies buried.

Happy are those householders whose children are at their table, and whose riches are in their own dooryards.

Much of the preciousness of life is to be found in its attic storage. On rainy days, when one may meditate rather than hustle, how profitable it is to go through the old chests and wardrobes and trunks in the bare room next the roof, where one can hear the pelting sleet and storm.

Here in this cedar clothespress tender hands have laid away clothing that once covered beloved forms that are here no more. This is grandmother's wedding dress, and all her trousseau, lovingly laid away in lavender. Here is the

uniform father wore in the great civil conflict. Here are baby's first dresses, little kid shoes, and a golden curl or two. Here is the little toy dog and the little tin soldier that Little Boy Blue kissed good night when he went away. Here is jewelry too, a strand of beads that mother wore, a sapphire ring, a bangle of gold, a diamond brooch, a gold-buckled belt, a satin slipper. They could not be sold at any auctioneer's, they could not be bought for any price.

Here, too, we turn over the pages of the old family album with its faded portraits. How unreal and commonplace they seem to uninitiate eyes. That wild-whiskered, homely man, strangely gaunt and stiff? Ah, that's grandfather, than whom a kindlier saint never walked the earth. And who can this ungainly, pudgy-faced, corpulent housewife be? Impossible for a stranger to imagine, she was once the fairest of beings, an old-fashioned, warm-hearted mother. That awkward staring stick of a child was a veritable wisp from fairy land. This comic valentine was once a face of boyish sunbeams. This gargoyle was the dearest maiden aunt that ever lived. The originals by Titian and Tintoretto may lure us to Venice and Florence, but the originals of these pathetic tintypes were the stuff of which God makes his angels.

And here, also, is furniture, not like the golden broideries of Louis nor the fine moldings of period art, but here is great grandmother's old rocking chair, in which she fell asleep in Jesus. This wide-armed walnut seat used to hold grandfather's sturdy form. Yonder is the old piano with strings all broken, but when the family gathered round of Sundays to sing hymns, no sweeter strains ever fell from any archangel's lyre than from this old square instrument.

And now look, what bundles of letters, yellowed by time, and hardly now to be deciphered. This was once a love letter, so sweet that the larks sang overtime all that day when she received it from her young lover. Here is baby's first scrawl to papa, with Xs marking the many kisses. Here is an exquisite invitation to a wedding, and here a letter edged in black. I haven't the heart to burn a single one of them, they have each a sacred preciousness that must endure.

Here again, you see, are tumbled heaps of books. They are a sort of logbook for life's long voyage. Here is an old speller, a McGuffey's third reader, "Mother Goose," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pickwick Papers," "Gulliver's Travels," "Ivanhoe," an old Latin grammar, Virgil, a ragged volume of Keats, "Sesame and Lilies," "Pilgrim's Progress," Shakspeare, "Don Quixote," "Scarlet Letter," Emerson's "Essays," Plutarch's "Lives," Thompson's "Land and the Book," Hegel, Dante, Carlyle. These are not mere old paper, they are books, man, sacred books, diaries of old days when our young hearts used to hold high converse with the elect souls and the topping genius of the world.

At last, the family Bible, too large even for those days, too stiff and too clumsy, with its huge lids and outmoded type and unrevised King James version. Yet as I peruse the faded family record, the silent tears are slipping down my cheeks. Names, only names, born, and married, and died, who knows them now, and who cares for them? Yet in the heart that does not forget, the old-new treasures of the days gone by come once again to recollection. I see their kindly faces, and the clear ringing melody of their voices I hear once more. Time and the grave shall not rob me of them. I am the holder of mine own house, and these are my never tarnished riches.

That faded tapestry shines with celestial splendor, that rusted buckle gleams with an unearthly light. These ancient garments round out with shapely figures and move about me as the adornment of living, loving kinsfolk. That old rocking chair has become a throne; that old walking stick, a scepter. As fresh and clear as in the bygone days, the aged piano bursts into glorious harmonies like nothing save the harps of heaven. The family portraits, grim and forbidding, blossom by grace into winsomeness and magnanimity. That might be a Raphael Madonna, and this a burgher by Rembrandt. For, lo, the outworn finery and forgotten riches of my attic memory have been shot through with ethereal magic. Absence has become presence, unworth has been turned to seraphic worth, the trivial has been made magnificent. The old treasure is become new also, new, ever and eternally new.

For from this ancient volume of Holy Writ came a ray of light from no earthly sun, shining through the dust of past years, transfiguring hopes, and shadows and customs with scintillant splendor, and translating the prose of earth to the poetry of heaven. From that sacred page steps One who touches our life where it is weakest and less worthy, and transmutes it into divine glory. And in whatsoever heart that truth abides, he shall sit in his own dooryard and behold golden roses blossom; he shall out of the heaped rubbish of life's forgotten attics, bring forth treasures, old, yet new, that shall shine as the firmament for brightness, and as the stars forever and ever.

III

TRAGIC TRIFLING

MARTHA was fortunate in having Jesus for her guest ; she was extremely unfortunate in her manner of expressing hospitality. She was an efficient housewife, a good provider, generous, industrious and painstaking. She had the mothering instinct to a pernicious degree. She fussed and bustled about, busy with the chores, crockery and cooking. So I have seen a fluttering Plymouth Rock, clucking to her brood, scratching for choice worms, ever alarmed about hawks, never letting her offspring have any initiative nor allowing them to grow up. How feckless and futile becomes even divine motherhood when it wastes its glory on the accidental and the transient.

I have seen such quivering and befuddled service when the old preacher came to dinner down on the farm. Scarcely had he been made effusively welcomed and settled comfortably in the ancient rocking chair, wishful of a restful chat, when the devastating bombardment of good will begins. First, Mary must run intermittent errands to the neighbors for superfluous dishes or forgotten table linen ; and Martha must rush about to prepare delicious knick-knacks and succulent relishes. Lazarus must run up to the delicatessen for additional supplies. Whatever preparations had been made beforehand, nothing is too good, nothing is quite sufficient, to give this good man of religion.

In the pauses, Martha commends certain magazines, or points out interesting books, or rearranges the furniture, or invites him to try half a dozen different easy chairs, or tells Mary to turn on certain tunes on the wheezy phonograph, or sets the radio for the discourse of some eminent city divine, or makes Lazarus show him all over the farm.

Then at the table, the discourse on immortality is interrupted by something burning in the kitchen ; discussion on political tendencies yields to inconsequential gravy ; and

the parable of the Prodigal Son loses its artistic point by the passing of inadvertent potatoes and inappropriate pie. Even Jesus could scarcely have worked miracles here, because of such cluttered and cumbering kindliness.

For in many lives, trifles become terrible tyrants. It is true that they make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle. But it is obvious that we are bogged down, dragged under, and smothered by the multitude of insignificant and piffling objects of our attention. One mosquito in the wakeful night sings as loud as any nightingale; a myriad such, nestling up to our humanity, breed malarias, fevers, and death. A grain of dust is indistinguishably small, but cuddled in the corner of the eye, it commands more attention than all this round world; and multiplied by thousands and swept by the besom of the simoon, it buries ancient civilizations in innocuous desuetude. A grasshopper is an insignificant fiddler, yet his armies stop transcontinental expresses, strip the cornfields of whole states, devour the granaries of opulent Egypt herself.

We harness ourselves to the treadmill of unnecessary drudgery. We cannot discern the forest for the trees. We postpone Shakspeare until we have mastered our unabridged dictionary. We regulate our activities by the clock and would become efficiency experts. We rush from duty to duty, from committee to committee, from call to call, from club to club, until we crack, and go to recuperate in Florida or Greenwood. Then folks say, shrugging their shoulders, "She wore herself out, trying to do too many things." Not too much, but too many little, unrelated, impertinent things. Instead of driving our business, our business drives us.

A drop of water is a tiny thing, a humming bird can sip it from the calyx of a flower; a morning ray can dry it off a dewy thorn. Yet you may stand by the ocean's marge and sweep and sweep and sweep, but you cannot keep back the tides of tiny incalculable molecules. Your boat may swim the upper reaches of Niagara, you may thrill or startle with the sense of the nearing cataract, but however you despise the warning shout from the shore; however you may boast your ability to stop when you please; suddenly, the river gets its claws on you; and you are dragged to an exhilarating but

terrible doom. In vain you row, and call, and pray, but those innocent waterdrops have become a stream, and that stream has turned to a river, and that river swells to a flood, and that flood overwhelms in a Niagara. Such is the cumulative power of littlenesses.

It is a foolish ambition, to get all the experience and all the thrill there may happen to be in life. At the old home-town fair, they used to have a pie-eating contest. I recall that they lined up ten ambitious and ardent youths at a table groaning with assorted pies, baked by estimable and convincing housewives. At a given signal, with fork and knife and fingers and elbows, by pick and shovel, and hook and crook, and might and main, these eager striplings, amid laughter and applause, urged pie after pie, pumpkin, apple, raspberry, blueberry, blackberry, lemon, custard, quite regardless of taste or need or appetite, into their assorted faces. I remember how one by one the individual contestants dropped out, too full for utterance or continuance. How at last, amid universal approval, the victor, smeared with trophies and gorgeous with accomplishment, advanced to the tune of "Here the conquering hero comes," and received from the mayor the prize, which was, as I recollect, the freedom of the city of Spedunk and a noble, widespreading and tantalizing mince pie. The world has praise for its gormandizers, and vociferous cheers, processions, and confetti for its worthiest pie eaters.

Because we allow ourselves to be tyrannized over by trifles, we come inevitably into the tragedy of trifling. For life's greatest tragedy is this, not that we do not give great powers to great ends, but that we dedicate our finest efforts and most resplendent faculties to little and mean purposes. The marvelous inventions of the mind are devoted to the perpetuation and dissemination of standardized stupidities. An ardent neighbor of mine woke me one Sunday morning as he clambered over the roof, adjusting his radio aerial. "Do you get any sermons?" I asked him. "Oh, yes," was the eager reply, "from Springfield and from Chicago, and from Louisville." "But are they better sermons than you used to get in the church?" I asked him. He was too busy adjusting to answer. Let us hope that the quality increased

with the miracle of transmission. Perhaps to-morrow every light socket will be tuned to the gossip of the universe. Human voices, dehumanized of all save vocal vibration, will carry to our ears incessantly all the minor noises of our civilization, magnifying them to suit our growing deafness and failing attention; Galli Curci singing, "Yes, We Have No Bananas"; Caruso lending his superb tenor to warble, "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby"; the miracle of nature dedicated to advertising the virtues of soap and cigars and soup.

One Sunday morning I overtook a father leading his wife and three children to the house of God. I was pleased, entranced. Here was an old Puritan father, a patriarch, a real saint, who outdid the plesiosaurus in being different, but also alive and present. I said, "I will now draw near, and see this thing which is come to pass. Surely he will be expounding foreordination to his offspring, or descanting on the ways of Divine Providence to his listening and assenting family. But I was disillusioned by the actual converse I overheard. "Yes, the engine is only one cylinder, but it can run eighty miles on one gallon of gasoline." I do not know to-day just what he referred to; certainly not, I hope, to the domine of his church. I fear me that he beguiled the journey to the house of prayer with conversation upon more worldly subjects. Our Pilgrim forebears used to carry their muskets on their shoulders to church, but they kept their minds free to think great thoughts, and their hearts open to believe great ideals—even when they had to squeeze the bag of meal to last the winter, and guard continually against the sudden onslaught of savage warriors.

How often we take our geniuses, and because we cannot understand them or fit them properly into our conventional requirements, or because we rather dislike them since they are not exactly made in our own image, we starve them into acquiescence and set them to Cinderella tasks. Napoleon's sword he must now use to whittle toothpicks for boarding houses; Angelo's chisel is set to quarry marble or to smooth doorstones; Moses we make a village alderman; Isaiah sips tea and chats with the inmates of the old ladies' home; Solomon stays in to take care of the numerous chil-

dren while his estimable nine hundred wives attend the Republican caucus and nominate the new mayor of Jerusalem; Paul now guides tourists around the Mediterranean, pointing out the various shipwrecks and stonings and voyages that once he made; while John has quit writing the Apocalypse and has become chief scenarist for a religious movie corporation, with headquarters at Patmos. To such uses does this housewife world, cumbered with much serving, put its prophets and dreamers and interpreters.

There was once a man who carved the Lord's Prayer on a dime. It was a difficult task; nobody but he ever did it. It took him a long, long time and it was very hard on his eyes. It was not a work of art; it gave him no skill for a larger work. Yet he set himself to the task, neglected his wife, his health, his meals, his business, and finally completed the job. He had put the biggest prayer in the world on one of the smallest coins in the world, a coin so small that it represents only twice the average offering of the American church auditor. Here was indeed a tragedy—he had spent his whole enthusiasm in putting the Kingdom of God on a dime. Why did he not think of putting it on at least a quarter? Or even more audaciously, on an almighty dollar? Why couldn't the Lord's Prayer be inscribed on all eagles and double eagles and offspring of eagles, notes and bonds and stocks, and farms and factories and governments? Alas, the Lord's Prayer is assiduously carved on dimes, while the Devil writes his signature on all the big currency.

Now faith is the transcending of triviality. What has become of all the bird's eggs and marbles and bright pebbles and stamps that we used to collect when we were boys? Some oblivious garret hides them; their charm vanished, their lure departed. By what meticulous and incredible labors did you build up their ephemeral value, as worthless now as the apples of Sodom? Some day you will look back on your childish accumulations and wonder what curious fanaticism could hugely and sacrificially marshal machines, and houses and lands, a supposititious wealth that, like Russian roubles, becomes less valuable as more innumerable. Rousseau perceived the superficial nature of our civilization

and urged us back to nature's simplicity. Ghandi, the Hindu mystic, avers that Occidental methods are inimical and fatal to the genius of the Indian race. The greatest ancient cities have been overthrown; time has crumbled their bastions and temples; but beside the ruined marbles the peasant still follows the plow, and the harvests ripen amid the stones of Baalbek. The medieval monk, oppressed by the futilities rather than the enormities of his age, solaced his heart with the mighty thoughts, the saintly companionships, the noble sacrifices, the unceasing labors, of the Cistercian abbey. He could forget, if he could not dispel, the pall of littleness that overhung his worldly life.

Mary, indeed, chose the better part, not through indolence, nor through unconcern, but through a true perception of the relative values of existence. She sat uncumbered by life's many insignificances, meditating at the feet of Jesus. But few things are really necessary. Here are some of the indispensable. The soul of man is bigger than the stars. You are the true center and focus of the universe. The further ethereal horizons, the fire mist of the unbelievably distant ages, the roar of primeval gigantism; the long eons of cosmic explication must not, shall not, blind us to this greater reality, nor deafen us to this higher voice. You are the epitome of all evolution; you are the teleological heir of all histories and elements; you are the right interpreter of all this transmogrifying spectacle. You are the answer to all earth's obstinate questionings, fallings from us, and vanishings. Beyond seas and suns, leviathans and megalosauri you persist throughout the bounds of time. You are worth a hundred million constellate flaming orbs.

One morning I stood on the high bluffs above Lake Michigan. The ruddy sun, attended by amber- and crimson-liveried clouds, marshaled the majesties of dawn in the wake of the fading stars. He had witnessed the heaving of prehistoric continents, the eruption of mountain ranges, the sinking of ocean channels. He had seen old forests turned to beds of coal. He knew the attrition of air and water; the rise and fall of myriad kingdoms of lesser and forgotten life. He had seen the building of the Pyramids, and the mighty Babylonian bulwarks, "the glory that was Greece

and the grandeur that was Rome." He saw Xerxes lead back his shattered millions across the Hellespont, and Attila trample the plains of Burgundy with Hunnish hate. Blazing satellites bigger than the earth swung in his universal train. He flamed with the quenchless glory of a million centuries of light and life. His terrible beauty made earth quiver with the hope of spring.

Then I said, "O Sun, old as thou art, I am older than thou. Thou hast the million years of being, but I have the eternity of becoming. Thou dost only exist, but I really live. Thou hast viewed the unfolding processes of nature, but I have felt the pulses of the human heart; thou hast not known the joy of the redeemed nor the comfort of the blessed. Thou rulest the little kingdom of thy planets, and the tides of the ocean, and the brittle pulses of thermometers, but I shall sit on a sapphire throne and judge the nations. I shall discern the moral values of genius and pain. I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Behold also that associate truth, that you are greater than all your works whatsoever. Incomparable soul of man, creator of piled ranges of vivid and angelic art, of intricate and multiplex pathways of commerce, of sublime and profound cogitation on this universal flux, why dost thou fall down and worship the mere product of thy genius, the shadow of thy substance, the echo of thy voice? Man is greater than any and all of his works. Nor books, nor symphonies, nor constitutions, nor societies, magnificent though they may be, are not in any sense comparable to him that flung them off. Civilization is only the garb of man, as nature is but the garment of Deity. Art is only the adornment of humanity. Science is but the drapery of reality. Invention is only the frosting to the essential pudding. Truly, the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. Lilies and sparrows remember this, which, alas, saints and sages too often forget.

Yes, you are of infinite meaning and worth, but not as the housekeeper of this third-class planet, the economist of a doubtful hospitality to heavenly visitants. Man becomes divine, as he listens to the voice of the infinite Teacher him-

self, and realizes His image who made you to become like Him. They say that the tears and tragedies of Armenia have greatly increased trachoma, that terrible and contagious disease. The sorrows of the race are turning their eyes to stone. Ah, to be blind, and to have written indelibly on sightless eyeballs the unforgettable terrors of her woe. Yet we have another blindness growing here, in which the Prince of the power of the air hath blinded the minds of them that believe not.

The mists of pettyfogging trifles is in our eyes; the dust of trivialities has shrouded our vision; we grope darkly in the way; we stare and behold not the vision; we stumble and fall at the task. Better the blindness of Armenia, and perchance to see, through fogs of bereavement, the apocalyptic purposes of God, than this moral blindness, this indifference and obtuseness, which grows like a cataract upon our unseeing hearts.

We have turned all our spotlights upon the fantastic, the distorted, the acrobatic stunts, of a circus. We have given the freedom of the city and the control of our admiration to cheap and meretricious accomplisners. We have huzzahed and cheered and bellowed at the behest of officious and artificial publicity agents. We have crowned with wealth, popularity, and glory heroes returning from puppet shows. Life needs a holier and more discriminate coronation.

Under the eternal dome of Humanity's Memorial Hall, stand, sceptered and crowned, the Unforgettable Dead, constellations of heroic souls. There stand the Maccabees, and there the Spartans of Thermopylæ; yonder the sturdy legions of Scipio; shine there the bright chivalry of Charlemagne; there wait the stout burghers of William of Orange; in serried ranks, stand the Swiss Leaguers of William Tell, the Huguenots of Navarre, the Ironsides of Cromwell, the tall Swedes of Gustavus Adolphus, the Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled, Lee's Virginia veterans, and Grant's invincibles from Vicksburg.

And some were crowned with iron; stern victors and efficient battlers. And some wore silver crowns, who fought

valiantly, and failed in Lost Causes. And some others wore crowns of gold, whose brows were radiant with holiest visions of righteousness and peace.

And lo, One crowned with thorns that were like twisted infinite sorrow, and jagged like brambled sin. Then they that wore their crowns of honor, took off their diadems of iron, and of silver, and of gold, and laid them at His feet. For He had aspired higher than they all; He had suffered more than they all; He had conquered more than all the heroes that ever were.

And there was left in the whole world no king but Jesus; no crown but of thorns; no way but of obedience; no worth but of faith and spirit.

IV

THE MOOD OF THE MOB

THE sublimest discourse of human lips, the Sermon on the Mount, was made to a select number, far away from the marketplace. Under the open heaven, fronting the rising sun, high above the crowded plain, looking across the blue waters of Gennesaret, seated quietly, with the disciples gathered at His feet, so spoke the Master of souls.

And in such a place must the soul find her highest and clearest affirmations. We cannot long endure the mephitic influences of the multitude and live. Not so much is it to be feared, the diablerie of the mob, as its stupefying carbons. The Christ must ever escape from the crowd.

It is true that Jesus came, the ambassador of Heaven, to the crowd; true that He mingled with them; that He taught them; that He healed them; that He loved them; that He died for them. It is also true that He evaded and avoided them. His message was for the plain, and the plain people; His inspiration was from the mountain. He did not keep His ear to the ground, but listened to the calling of the stars. As from the summit of Sinai that elder prophet brought the foundation stones of law, so from the summit of Hattin, Jesus brought the very fundamentals of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here is the delusion and failure of democracy, when it does fail, that it feels itself sufficient for itself. Government of the people demands the sympathetic rapport of the commonwealth; government for the people is the promise of good to all, not excluding minorities; but government by the people expresses only the half-truth of rule by majority. Unless democracy attains adequate leadership, its commonalty sinks to commonplace, its normalcy becomes mediocrity. And this adequate leadership requires something more, and something different, from that which the crowd can furnish. There may be the spark of genius, the glow

of unusual talent, yet leadership is born, not of the street and crowd, but of the desert and the mountain, where broods the thinker and where flames the burning bush.

We need not restore hermitages and monasteries to be assured that the soul must have its fastings, its meditations and its prayers. St. Jerome from his cavern at Bethlehem, and Bunyan from his Bedford jail; Moses from Midian and Mohammed from Mecca; Paul from Arabia and Jesus from Moab; Plato from his Academy and Aquinas from his cloister, Carlyle at Chelsea and Wordsworth at Windermere, have witnessed the mountain splendor and quaffed its morning dews. And if so great souls must retire upon themselves, that they may not be overwhelmed and trampled by the world, surely it is more imperative that the lesser and slighter of us need the discipline and the serenity of the mountain.

In the multitude of our duties and pleasures, our organizations and services, we have lost sight of personal religion. We are suffocated and obsessed by the mob. Our cities are growing bigger at increasing percentages.

They are becoming flames to singe the wings of the spirit; furnaces seven times heated, wherein, alas, no son of God walks. We are hypnotized by mere numbers; we are swallowed up in the maw of sheer magnitude. The city reckons worth according to its census; the nation is great by reason of its population. We are worshipers of quantity, not quality. Statistics govern sympathy. Yet the world has forgotten the population of Rome and Jerusalem in the census of Augustus Cæsar, and remembered one Babe born in little Bethlehem. There are 5,000,000 people in New York, and many skyscrapers, but the little hamlet of Somersby, in the fens of Lincolnshire, become the mountain from whose "nest of singing birds" thrilled forth "In Memoriam."

Perilous, too, is the fickleness of the crowd. It has the treachery of the foaming wave, double-minded, unstable in all its ways, straining ever onward, yet never getting forward, a motion without progress. Alas, for the loyalty of the crowd. "You will cheer me, but you won't vote for me," said Roosevelt. The crowd worshiped Gladstone, and

defeated him. Where are the popular writers of yesterday? What stage idols have not died in a garret? Are there none so poor to do reverence to Cæsar, when his glory passes; or to Clemenceau, or Venizelos, or Wilson? The crowd has always stoned its prophets and crucified its Christ. Its benefactors are soon forgotten. Yet are there shepherds still who kneel beside the unforgettable cradle, and wise kings who follow unflinching His star.

How extraordinary is the stupidity of the mob. It must standardize its textbooks, its customs, its creeds. It produces by wholesale. It demands universality, not alone in opportunity, but in talent, attainment, and influence. Newspapers are its scribes and moving pictures are its prophets. Its novelists are the best sellers, its poets are the poem-a-day doggerel writers, its genius is the factory efficient, its statesmanship is the platitudinarian. It loves to read the gossip about itself in such a magazine, to hear itself talk at such a theater. It loves noise and pep and jazz. It relishes the stimulus of its own St. Vitus's dance, turns whirling dervish, and worships its own idiotic swirl of misapplied energy. Night itself, the silence and velvet darkness of December, must blaze into horrid glitter and crash.

How easily, too, the crowd becomes a tyrannous majority. Even a tyrannous minority. How easily it becomes brutal. Major Putnam is howled down because he dares to think for himself. The Bolshevik climbs the autocratic throne of the Czar. With the flag flying in the courthouse square, and the Declaration of Independence tucked in its coat-tail pockets, the crowd burns the trembling negro at the stake.

The group has no morality, just as corporations have no souls. Or at least, corporate morality and public conscience are always inferior by a long way to the morality and conscience of many composing the group. So slavery held tenacious control over the mood of the mob, till freedom wrought the mind of the Master through Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Lincoln. So alcohol swayed the mood of the mob, till displaced by the mind of the Master, through Prohibition conflicts of half a century. And so bitter nationalism and war will continue to magnetize patriotism

until their spell is dissolved by the mind of the Master, through those who think with Him rather than move with the mob.

For the guarantees of freedom and justice are not in laws nor in public opinion, in esse, but initially in individual hearts who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Yes, even your reform societies may become your moral tyrannies; and your Pentecostal revivals may issue in creedal tyrannies and sectarian monopolies. *Vox populi* can never be finally *vox Dei*. Majorities are only necessary political evils, mere legal sanctions, whose real spiritual sanction is in the flaming heart of the genius and the saint.

The crowd is ever diffused and involuntary. It lacks the will to become. It trusts in the law of averages, the gospel of inclination, the philosophy of an impersonal evolution. It shirks the responsibility of stark personal faith. It laughs at the Puritan's starched ruff, and forgets the Puritan's starched backbone. It decries the Puritan's stalwart and unshakable integrity. The mob drifts rather than drives. It grumbles at its leaders, it marches with the procession when it is once organized, but its supreme admonition is "Let George do it." As in the night when Jesus was betrayed, you tried to grasp the shoulder of His disciple, and he fled naked, leaving you only a night shirt instead of a man. He that leans on the crowd leans on a cloud; he that grasps a mob holds only the mist.

You are afraid to be alone in the country, far from the tumult and the shouting. Without the multitude, life has become for you vacuity, and lethargic dullness. Home is too dull, therefore the theater. Books are too slow, therefore the movies. Walking might induce thinking, therefore the auto. Prayer is insufferably stupid, therefore the jazz orchestra. Meditation and commerce with the Oversoul are impossible absurdities.

Duty is a case of sociology. The Church must be a community affair. Religion is only group functioning and adjustment. Gone are the madness and the dream; lost are the glory and the passion. The heavens no longer open to the eye of faith. We are absorbed in the vast impersonality

of society. Here is right pan-anthropism. We are only streamers of vapor in strata of cumulus cloud. We are like the woman whose soul gradually died.

She felt it die a little every day;
Flutter more feeble, and more feebly pray.
Slowly it died; at times she felt it pull,
Imploring thinly something beautiful;
And in the night was painfully awake,
And struggled in the darkness till daybreak.

We are intimidated by our education. Science tells us to affirm that the earth is round. That is more or less true. But it is refreshing to hear some uncouth souls affirm an absurdity; they affirm a greater truth than the others, for they boldly assert that their souls are not flat; that they will stand on their little mountain and defy science to flatten them. More deadening than the ruts of habit is the dust of custom. Soul tragedy from Antigone to Hamlet has this quarrel ever at rapier's point. Shall we apologize for being ourselves, and abjectly surrender? Or shall we fight on, and lose always our patrimony of joy?

Our very clothing bears the tags of serfdom. Our slang vocabulary is second hand from some East Side junk shop. The cheap tinsel and tawdry wit of the music hall is our after-dinner relish. We parrot the daily press, or the inanities of some new cult, or the fallacies of some new science. And none of it is our own, our word, our thought, our faith. It is all second hand. It has no individual reality. It moves us not.

"And seeing the multitude," neither fearing its rabid vivacity, nor joining its mean and meaningless bustle, nor shouting aphorisms to outvociferate its tumult; "seeing the multitude," not bitterly, as a misanthrope, not jauntily reckless of adventure, nor strenuously, as though sheer will could bear down this monster multitude and chain it to chariot wheels; "seeing the multitude," He went up into His mountain.

Flee as a bird to your mountain. Behold its climbing pathways. Rejoice in its steep heights. Listen to its water-

falls. Look forth sunward from its topmost pinnacle. Breathe the bright air above "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth."

Shake off alike your sluggish languor and your acrid humor. Your soul shall be made free. God is in this mountain. He preserveth thy soul. For the soul of the one is the coin of the kingdom. The soul of the one is the integer of all society. The soul of the one is the real organism of which society is its counterpart only through tenuous stretching of analogy. Not society, but men. Not institutions, but men. Not organizations, but men. With men the spiritual universe began to pulse with life; with men the peopled heavens shall sing with joy. Society is but the aggregate worth and joy and hope of its millions of souls.

"And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain."
And in the mountain you will find God.

V

WAKE UP

THE greatest invention of our modern world is not the aeroplane, radio, or printing—it is the alarm clock. Persistent and even malignant reminder of the duties of the day, unassuming in form, yet terrible in warning, it is man's worst friend and dearest enemy. Other inventions appeal to our pleasures, our vanities, our indolences, our vices, but the alarm clock is the conscience of the common people. Insistent, incorruptible, insatiable, it calls us from glamorous dreams and wasteful sloth, with voice that nothing can silence, no pillow smother, no bouncing against the furniture intimidate, no promises deceive, no cajolery bribe, "you've got to get up, you've got to get up, get up, get up, get up, get up."

The labors of Hercules were insignificant compared with the superlative task of waking up every morning. Enormous millions of footpounds are expended in yawning, stretching, gaping, rubbing eyes, rolling over, expostulating, ejaculating, remonstrating, acquiescing, and finally reluctantly arising. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, and wealthy and wise." That is to laugh. The higher the civilization, the longer they stay up o' nights, and love to lie abed o' mornings. "Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning," carols Sir Harry, "but it's nicer to stay in bed." The supreme animosity of our valiant soldiers was directed, not at the serried ranks of the enemy in the Hindenburg line, but at that brazen-voiced bugler, who always blew reveille just when sleep was at its sweetest and so life at its prime. His name should have been Macbeth—he murdered sleep so atrociously.

Our scientific explorers are now telling us that "sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," that ministers sweet elixirs to troubled minds, that breathes balm over tired eye-

lids, is no such beneficent nurse of humanity as we supposed, but is really a drunken loafer, full of unnecessary auto-intoxications, and should be utterly banished from respectable society. Sleep, they tell us, is only a vicious habit, the result of unhygienic living. Edison gets along with only four hours of it. We should cut down our indulgence in sleep as we do in cigars, and liquors, and other noxious weaknesses. Think what billions of wealth could be conserved if we could find some way to abolish sleep. Talk of Muscle Shoals, and super power in New York! Do you realize that just as soon as you abandon your wicked, wasteful custom of sleeping, you immediately add one-third to the working capacity of the nation? And that, without a cent extra for expenses. Indeed, all this extravagant outlay for pillows, mattresses and springs and bedsteads would be directly saved, and in most houses you would get along without from one to three bedrooms per family. Just as soon as science clears up this discovery sufficiently, we shall doubtless have an amendment to the Constitution which will nicely delegatize the superfluities of slumber. But in the meantime, most of us have to get up.

When I was a boy, I slept in the northwest corner of an Iowa farmhouse, where the winds used to howl at twenty degrees below zero. We had no furnace, and I had the duty of mornings of going downstairs to the lean-to kitchen, with its corrugated iron roof, and making the kitchen fire. Father used to wake me early, calling from his nice warm bed on the lee-side of the house, "Mark, get up." "Yes, father," I would meekly reply, and turn over for a nap. "Mark," came the roar from Dad, "are you getting up in there?" "Oh, yes, indeed," I said, sadly. "I've got one foot out." And then I lay for a while, and keyed my trembling purpose with this heroic verse, "One, for the money, two, for the show, three, to make ready, and four, to say go." But every time my waning courage came to the show-down, "to say go," my clever brain would procrastinate the inevitable conclusion, "Four, to say no," or, "Four, to lie low," or, "Four, to go slow," or "Four, to heave ho," which last was rather nautical of me. Finally father would

threaten, "Mark, if you don't get up, I'm coming in there." I knew what that meant. I hated to get cold, but gosh! I hated to get overheated. So I gradually got up.

But father disliked arising in such weather as much as I, so necessity became stepmother to invention. My younger, smaller brother slept with me and on the outside of the double bed. Pater decreed that Fred was to make the fire, provided I would take over the responsibility of waking him up. That was the easiest job I ever had. In the gray morning light would come the voice, no longer dreaded by me, "Mark, wake up." And came my gladsome response, "Yes, indeed, father." Then I would turn over toward Fred, adjust my arms and knees at a strategic angle, cry out, "Fred, get up," and, bingo, out he shot onto the cold, cold floor, while I wrapped "the mantle of my couch about me, and lay down to pleasant dreams"; and he, poor fellow, scurried into the ice-bound kitchen, to kindle a pale blue fire. It is so much easier to wake the other fellow than to get up ourselves. Most of us love vicarious heroism.

The trouble with all of us is, that we never properly wake up. Some of us have our foot asleep, some our hand, some our eyes, some our brain, some our hearts. It is all very well to sleep in your little crib, but our modern age demands men that are awake—wide awake—altogether awake. It is a dangerous thing to go to sleep while you are crossing Fifth Avenue; you're likely to get locomotor ataxia. It is dangerous to walk in your sleep along the top of the Woolworth Building. They tell me that somnambulists have had very unfortunate awakenings in Wall Street. A great many sleepers get marriage licenses over in Brooklyn every day. They get their eyes open eventually, but why not now? Look at that crowd, pouring into Broadway this morning. They are hustling up to their offices, eager, alert, live wires. They look like they were awake, eh, wide awake, awake all over. I tell you that most of them are not even half awake; they are going along with one eye shut. There are millions of brain cells in every one of them that never wake up at all. There are a thousand wonderful things in the world about them that they never discover.

There are hundreds of opportunities that they never take. They are asleep, except for a little groove where one can work almost automatically in an accustomed job.

The Dutchman's alarm clock was a splendid contrivance. "All I have to do in the mornings," he boasted, "is just to get up and pull this string, and that sets the bell ringing, and it wakes me up." If we could only get hold of the right string, maybe we could wake most folks up. Perhaps some are like the Sutter Street cable car in San Francisco, that stopped with such a terrible jerk that it knocked a Chinaman off the front seat and sent him rolling into the cobbled gutter. He picked himself up, put on his little black cap, brushed the dust from his rumpled jacket, and remarked with an amiable grin, "Wha's the matter? Stling bloke?" The trouble with us is not so much that the string is broke, as that the right string is not pulled. I suppose the true purpose of education is not to stuff a man with facts, like you stuff a turkey with chestnuts, but to wake him from his natural lethargy. Some day every man has to wake up. Why not get him broad awake while it is day, before night comes when no man can work—when it is all too late?

It is hard to waken a drunken man; we make a great fuss over being drunk with booze, but many of us are drunk with other things besides liquor. I know a lady who gets drunk every week or so on bargain sales. She looks in the papers for big bargains at the department stores, and, then, dressed to kill, she goes over the top in a drive on some counterful of extravagant reductions, and comes home victorious over a thousand other Amazonians, with her hat awry, her permanent wave straightened out, a false tooth gone and a disreputable appearance acquired—all for the sum of 98 cents marked down from a dollar. I know a man who is drunk on his automobile. He spends most of his time tinkering with it; has mortgaged his house, neglected his business, forsaken his church, lost his health, his temper, his interest in books, music and society, because he is intoxicated with his car. You will find him any Sunday afternoon, on some Long Island thoroughfare, breezing along at the rate of four miles an hour behind the dust of a thousand

other cars, taking the air and enjoying life in a real up-to-date automobile jag.

I know some folks who are drunk on moving pictures. They go to every show that happens, eight days a week, rain or shine, are soused and steeped in all the froth regarding stars and idols; their eyes are dazed with much leering at flickering films, their minds are feebly wabbling from lack of vigorous use. Sometime they will start to gibbering and maundering and become quite apparently senseless.

Think, too, of all the radio drunks, who drink nothing but radio, the racing and sporting drunks, the newspaper drunks, intoxicated with the drivel of murders and divorces, the stock-market drunks, unable to swear off the ticker tape, though their digestion of securities has been utterly ruined. You can make out your own little list, actresses drunk with applause, politicians, as Disraeli said of Gladstone, "intoxicated with their own verbosity," all reformers, faddists, cranks, people of one idea, popguns with but one wad, unconscious for the most part of everything in the world except their particular sort of laudunum.

The famous physician had imbibed too freely at dinner, but was constrained to answer the call of a noted society leader whose health was urgently precarious. Unfortunately the eminent doctor was too intoxicated to do more than mutter, as he bent over the dear lady's pulse, "Drunk, dead drunk." The next morning, he was greatly mortified as he recalled the terrible experience of the preceding evening, but his chagrin was alleviated when he received a note from the charming lady in question. "My dear Doctor," she wrote, "I am quite aware of my condition when I sent for you last evening, but I am sure that you will keep the matter an inviolate secret between us."

"Wake up, wake up, you lazy rascal," cried the indignant farmer to his hired man whom he found dozing in the shadow of the old apple tree. "Why, you are not fit for the sun to shine on you." "That's the reason I came into the shade," was the sleepy and philosophic reply.

Many a man who is physically alert is mentally asleep. Many a man who is mentally awake is morally lethargic. In every eye, so oculists tell us, there is a blind spot; and in

every brain there is some place which may wreck the whole train by being asleep at the switch. The slightest mote keeps us from clear vision.

The thin bus driver was highly indignant at the fat bus driver, who had nearly run him down. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he demanded. "Can't you see me?" "Naw," was the reply. "I couldn't see you; you held your whip in front of you."

Alertness is a habit, to be cultivated like any other; we allow ourselves to sag, to fall into ruts, to slow up in our nervous, intellectual and emotional processes. We need tuning up and timing up every so often, so that our reactions have requisite snap and vim to them.

For life is an auction and its bargains go, not only to the highest bidders, but often to the quickest thinkers. Here we are at Christy's famous auction rooms, and there is an exquisite thing of Constable's for sale. I know where I can place the picture for twenty thousand dollars, but I hope to buy it in for not more than ten thousand. The bidding starts and rises, I bidding in my turn. Slower it goes and slower. At last I bid ten thousand, and my opponent bids eleven. I hesitate a trifle, confused a bit. I had not expected such competition. I wonder if I can go another thousand. I speculate on the probability of a loan from a friend. I waste precious moments in a sort of blind fog. Suddenly I wake up to hear the auctioneer say, "Sold at eleven thousand to the Other Fellow." And there was a good eight or nine thousand in the deal, if I had only been on the job. Preparedness and alertness, and most of all alertness, spell success, other things being equal.

The seven sleepers of Ephesus missed persecution in their cave; but they missed life, too. Not every Sleeping Beauty gets kissed awake. Rip Van Winkle may find soft rocks in the Catskills on which to sleep, but Fate will hit him with one in Manhattan before he takes forty winks. When bears start to hibernate, suddenly bulls rush the market. Midnight oil in the study is better than midnight oil at the roadhouse. You can see things better through glasses on your nose than under your nose. Are you a sleep walker,

or a sleep waker? Is life a drifting dream, or a stern reality?

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

VI

RUN THAT RACE

CAMBRIDGE won, and against Oxford's heavier crew. Some say that they had more skill, others, better coaching, others, that Oxford's number three cracked. Others, that Cambridge won on two teaspoonfuls of brown sugar. A million people watched the race. There was a vast enthusiasm. Some American Rhodes scholars tried to give forty-eight college yells in one, but made a miserable failure. Several Eton boys threw their caps in the air. Three members of Parliament cried, "Bravo, well rowed!" three different times. It was splendid sport. But how much better for all concerned, if, instead of a million watching sixteen row their hearts out, sixteen could watch a million sculling for their lives, and if we could persuade a hundred million people who read about sport, and bet on sport, and talk about sport, to get out and hustle and be real sports themselves, the millennium would quickly come.

By all means let us subscribe for that bay in St. John's Cathedral, dedicated to true and honest sports. For games not only give health and pleasure and zest to bodily activity, but are great moral tonics and religious invigorators. If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, the Argonne was won on the ball fields of America. Baseball and football fitted us to tackle barbed wire, pill-boxes and machine gun nests. The boys maybe remembered some grammar and algebra. Books and movies may have left faint traces. The old prayers came back to them from boyhood days. But the insistent phrase that drummed in their throbbing brains drove them over the top and through the Hindenburg line—"Play the game, play the game, play the game."

Play the game, though you may not win; play hard, play fair, play to the limit; play with hot heart but cool head; play for the game's sake, not for the prize you may win,

nor your side bets. Be a dead game sport. Remember the French Captain when the army was in retreat, whose General ordered him with his company to hold a certain pass. "Sir," saluted the Captain, "we will do our best." "I don't want you to do your best," snapped his superior. "I want you to hold that pass and cover our retreat." "Sir," again said the Captain, "I and my men will die in the attempt." "I don't want you and your men to die in the attempt. I want you to hold that pass." They held it.

Another French officer declared that his command were extremely valiant. "We will fight," he averred, "we will fight until nothing is left of us but our little toes, and even they will defiantly wriggle."

There are those who would have all competition in life abolished, and who would substitute coöperation for competition. They say, "Let us abolish war, because it causes wretchedness and ruin. Let us teach our boys never, never to fight other little boys. Let us emasculate our commercial enterprise, and organize one big brotherhood in economics, where all shall be harmonious and placid." But life itself is a fighting proposition. Pugnacity is a primary instinct. Stronger than any passion, is the passion to live. Life is an everlasting battle, with the elemental forces of the universe, with fire and flood and storm and earthquake; with microbes and infections and hungers and diseases; with droughts and frosts and a thousand incalculable accidents; with trouble like a cloud, with inferiority complexes, with disappointment, disaster and death. The first and great lesson is how to fight, what to fight, how to fight well, how to win even when you lose.

The great instincts cannot be abolished, and should not be. They should be changed, sublimated into holier aspiration and expression. What, abolish appetite, because it often becomes gluttony? Not so, but turn it to mental and moral hunger. Love is not to be abolished, because it frequently turns to lust, but is to be disciplined into family affection. Acquisitiveness may become greed, but should become a craving for life's finer possessions. Fighting may become war, but let us learn to fight well, for the right things, in the right way, as soldiers in great moral conflicts. You may

tie an apron around your young twelve-year-old boy, and set him to washing dishes and rocking baby's cradle. You may do your best to make a sissy out of him. You can never turn him into a lady-like daughter, but you may well spoil a hopeful son.

There is such a thing as a fair fight. Competition is limited to armaments, to sports, to business, when what we need is more competition in morals. Life is a race, and we all run like rabbits to head the procession and keep up with our neighbor. We must make just as much money as our acquaintances; we must have just as good an automobile, live in as swell a neighborhood, dress as well, send our children to as good an establishment, as the very best we know. The one thing we don't want to compete in is moral goodness. "Oh, I'm just as good as that stale sample of a deacon, or that cross-grained segment of a saint, or that poor excuse of a Puritan."

Why be proud that you can run faster than a one-legged man? I ran a race once; I set the pace; so fast that half the field dropped out. Too hot for them. Incidentally, it was also too hot for me. I wanted to beat Bill Jones; he was worth beating. What did I care about beating the "also rans"? Bill Jones was my meat; but I found he was too tough to chew. Let's try keeping up with a few good ones, like Joan of Arc, St. Francis of Assisi, or Dwight L. Moody, or Robert E. Lee. Let's have some international Olympic games, with moral character as the race-course, and saints and heroes as the competitors.

I used to like to watch Johnny Crum do the hundred yards. He was a great little sprinter—in the days when ten seconds was fast time. But I never saw him run a race with a stovepipe hat on, a bearskin overcoat, and hip boots. No, sir, when he ran he took off about all the law allows. He couldn't afford to carry weight. When I see great hulks of men waddling along life's race course, trying to fool old Father Time, I call to them, "Hey, there, you're carrying too big a pack. Take off about forty pounds of that gross stomach. Cut out so much booze. You're all tied up with too many interests. Parties, and theaters, clubs and committees, houses and lands, stocks and bonds, companions of

all sorts. You can't carry everything and expect to win. Throw away what you want, only keep what you need."

The streets are blocked with too many quitters. Art is long, and time is fleeting. They say that the British gave up the Dardanelles just about the moment when the Turks were thinking about surrendering. It is well to let go quickly of a red-hot iron; nevertheless, stick-to-it-iveness is the horse that wins most races. "Never give up a foot, but hang like a pup to a root," as the old doggerel has it.

Our running squad used to take a three-mile run every night. There was a long hill at the end of the race, very steep and stiffish. I used to run with my friend Bryan. One night I was tuckered, run out, just about all in. I thought I'd ask Bryan to ease down, as we were far ahead of the rest. I looked at Bryan; he was running as though he had just started. Fresh as a shamrock, he was. Would I let an Irishman crow over me? I would not. I buckled to, and pitched in, and ground my teeth, and pulled on that old hill, till I heard Bryan's sweet voice coo, "Say, Williams, let's ease the pace a bit, will you?" "Oh, all right," I replied, coolly, "if you feel that way about it." And for some years he never knew that I had been bursting to make the same request. There never was a hill so steep but it had a top to it, nor a night so dark but that there was a morning. Keep on running.

It's funny about getting your second wind. When you can't run another step, when your arms won't swing, and your breath won't come, and your heart refuses to beat, and you can't lift your weary knees, and you know that the time has now come when you've got to be a quitter, do you know that if you will just keep going a few more paces on your nerve, or your faith, or maybe on a sob of prayer, do you know that all of a sudden the breath will come back into your lungs and the blood to your heart, and energy to nerves and muscles, and soon you can be running as well as when you began? There's a physiological reason for it, no doubt, but there is a great truth of morale which we all need. Don't quit now. Keep on, whether you have any apparent resources or not. From mysterious depths, suddenly, miraculously, often it happens, that to a man who

runs when he has lost everything but will-power, come mighty accretions of new vigor that enable him to finish his task and win his race. Don't be a quitter.

It is the custom to run a race over a certain course; too many of us tack and veer and turn about until I wonder we get anywhere with all our running. My father taught me to plow. We had an old one-eyed horse and a single plow. Father plowed a furrow, then told me to plow another. I put the reins about my neck, clucked to old Bill, and away we went. I thought if I kept about eighteen inches from my father's furrow I could plow straight. But plows are curious affairs. Sometimes they jump like grasshoppers about four feet away right into the old furrow. Father laughed. "That's as crooked as a dog's hind leg," he remarked. "Now you just keep the horse's ears in a straight line with that hickory tree, hold the handles steady, never mind the other furrow, and you can learn how to plow. Look straight and you can plow straight."

A farmer told his hired man the same thing one day. "Keep your eye on some object in the next field, and plow to that." The hired man obeyed instructions, and plowed figure eights all over the farm. "Why didn't you do as I told you?" cried the farmer. "I did," was the reply. I kept my eye on that brindle cow, but she kept wandering all over the pasture." You can't plow straight if you follow every cowpath, nor run life's race unless you stick to the cinder path.

There is a popular athletic sport called hand-ball, a good, clean, hard, all round game, where you get plenty of physical exercise and much mental stimulus. All you have to have is a court, one or four walled, a gym suit, sneakers, gloves, and an alibi. The alibi is the most important. No reputable player ever thinks of going into a game without an alibi. Either he played several hard matches yesterday, or he has a sore hand, or he has not slept for a week, or his foot's asleep or the ball is all wrong. An alibi covers a multitude of errors. It explains your defeat and salves your chagrin. It is more necessary for a player than a flask to a scofflaw. Alibis are sometimes used, also, in golf, base-

ball, the stock market, and politics. It takes a good man to acknowledge, "Well, the best man won."

I hate to hear a man whine because he hasn't had a square deal. Maybe he hasn't, but lots of fellows that have had bad deals in life have made good in spite of every handicap. I remember Gerkins, that ran for us in the State Field Meet out West, the best runner in the State. So a fellow from Harrow College fouled him, tumbled him badly. Some folks would have gone to the referee and complained, or turned sour and refused to play any more. That wasn't the way with Gerkins. He picked himself up, and set out, limping, to overtake the field. Little by little he crept past the man from Hebert, and the man from Brookville, and the man from Walton, until on the home stretch he was headed only by the fellow that had fouled him. He gritted his teeth till they nearly cracked, twisted his nerves till they spun, and thundered down the home stretch like an avenging demon. He finally ran his adversary off his legs and beat him by a few inches. You can play square if you want to, and in the long race fair play will win over foul. But if it didn't win, it is better to deserve to win than merely to win. A moral victory is better than a physical triumph.

In a foot race or a ball game, only one side can win; but in the race of life both contestants may be victorious. For there the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is not what you do that counts, but what you are, what handicaps you carried, how well you met life's problems, how valiantly you stuck to your task. We can all be winners if we will.

Play the game you have to play, hit the line hard, take your medicine, laugh when life hurts, and cheer the other fellow. That's a game worth winning.

VII

WHO'S WHAT—OR TRUE ARISTOCRACY

NINE years have elapsed since we made the world safe for democracy. We are now sedulously trying to determine whether democracy is safe for itself. Lord Rothermore has suggested that government by talking, that is by a historic Parliament, is an anachronism, and that only an economic triumvirate can save Great Britain. Miss Jane Addams declares that America has lost her moral leadership, which presumably she has held since the Spartan days of Franklin and Jefferson. Our Mediterranean races have repudiated self-government and have called Cincinnatus to the helm of state. Is then democracy sick, and adying? And can we cure the ills of democracy by more democracy? Or must we in the interest of efficiency, revert to government by dictatorship? Will democracy cure the running sores of India, the open wound of China, the unrest of Mexico? And shall America be leveled down to one universal mediocrity, so that wages, art, and education shall smooth away such inequalities of ability as nature has irresponsibly and inequitably distributed among the individuals of our commonwealth?

There is always room at the bottom. There is a democracy of the mud. Yet in its inception, our democracy was believed to be the democracy of the stars. Such a democracy having ideals, goals, admirations, in order that it perdure, and be safe for itself, must produce and accept and reward the right sort of aristocracy. Let us not shiver at that terrible word. Aristocracy means only the leadership of the best. Hitherto we have abhorred the word, for we all knew that colonial homespun was far finer than courtly satin, that simplicity was superior to sumptuousness, and real manhood better than artificial gentility. Yet our quarrel is not with the word, but with these false aristocracies that have foisted

themselves upon us, until the very idea of them became a thing utterly obnoxious. Where others set up idols of silk and worshiped, we have set up democracy, an idol of straw, and prostrated before it our reason, our loyalty, and our affection. What we must do is to find the real coördination between true democracy and true aristocracy. We must learn to apprehend real nobility, and having discovered them, without envy and without servility to follow them.

It is evident that all cannot be leaders. A Yankee captain in the Civil War made all his men Brigadier Generals, so that there would be no petty jealousy among them. A right democrat. A lady who went to Paris dressed her little daughters in red flannel raiment, because she intended not to follow the styles, but to set them. She too was an ardent democrat. Every man is good as the other, and a little bit better.

A boy knelt by the bedside of his dying mother. She put her hand upon his bowed head, and gave him her parting admonition. "Abe," she whispered, "be somebody." On his knees the boy resolved to be somebody, and became Abraham Lincoln, earth's greatest democrat, and our greatest aristocrat. For we repudiate the fatal falsehood, that it is sufficient for us to be just anybody. We must arouse a flaming ambition among our boys and girls to be somebody worth while. The perpetuity of America depends on her capacity to produce and follow the right kind of leadership. This is the secret of her past. Is this not the hope of her future?

A former consul to Constantinople, who recently died, once remarked facetiously, at the time when William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan were running for the Presidency, "In times of great crisis a Divine Providence raises up men of supreme capacity to the leadership of our country. In the trying times of the Revolution, God raised up Washington to become the Father of his country. When the Union was rent in twain, and dark with the clouds of civil strife, God raised up Lincoln to be the savior of the nation. And in this time of peril and crisis, God has raised up William—well, I'll tell you the rest of his name after the election." Can we be sure, that in all our country's

crises, the voice of the people will always be the voice of God?

Who then are the real nobility of New York—of America? How are they to be selected? In what book are their names inscribed? Upon what principles are they chosen? What are the marks by which they are to be distinguished from the hoi polloi? Does the social registry of New York's Four Hundred receive universal and eager acquiescence? Is there to be a Debret's Peerage selected from our genealogical tables? Are the new American nobility to be enrolled in "Who's Who," or enshrined in Bradstreet? Will our city directories list first in alphabetic sequence Lord Thomas, General Richard, Reverend Henry, and then scramble the riffraff as Tom, and Dick and Harry?

Most Americans have become perpetual "joiners" in a desperate effort to escape from the obscurity of mediocrity. By the time your ordinary garden variety of a common citizen attains the lush age of fifty, he has collected a whole trunkful of insignia, robes, turbans, coats, caps, embroideries, buckles, medals, pins, which he has acquired in his pathetic attempt to be somebody. Naturally afraid to stand by himself, he has an urge to belong. So he joins the Masons and the Odd Fellows, the Elks and the Moose, the Red Men and the Eagles, the Owls and the Reindeers, until his breast is covered with badges, and his hand is calloused with mystic grips, and his voice hoarse with whispered countersigns. He finds no inconsistency in joining a hundred different lodges, and in racing the calendar in the vain hope of squeezing in an extra lodge night each week or so. Instead of being himself, he becomes a potpourri of brotherhoods and fellowships.

Naturally, it is the proper thing to join the church—not because we are extremely pious, or care much about theology, but because we want to belong to the right things. But here a true and artistic joiner is up against an incredible prejudice. He may belong to as many lodges as he pleases, but for some mysterious reason he is permitted to become a member of only one church. Churches are very jealous of their prerogatives, and limit a man's relationship with a proper congregation as strictly as though joining the church

were much the same as getting married, and severe monogamy the only proper principle, and no trial marriages permitted. "But why," says the inveterate joiner, "why must I belong to only one church? I have friends in them all. I appreciate them all. I like them all. Why cannot I be a Methodist, just because I also happen to be a Presbyterian? It is true that there may be a little doctrinal difficulty, but what are doctrines between friends? Why cannot I join the Baptist church on one Sunday, and the Congregational church on the next, and the Episcopal church on a subsequent day, and not repudiate nor break any of my former relationships? Why cannot I worship Saturday in the Synagogue and hear mass Sunday in the Cathedral? Behold, how popular, and how genial, I have become by joining fifty lodges. Why not become equally celebrated for piety by joining fifty selected churches? It might be a bit expensive, but worth all it cost. I should lose my bigotry, my insularity, my insignificance. The more churches I belonged to, the finer would be my character, the kindlier my nature, the wider my influence, and the surer my hopes of heaven."

Nations, too, are extremely jealous of their prerogatives. When you swear allegiance to America, her government and her constitution, you must heartily abjure and repudiate all allegiance and loyalty to Sweden and Russia, and Germany and Italy. This is, as it should be, a necessary political procedure, for who knows when our government may go to war with your native country, and naturally you must be ready to bomb or bayonet all your kinfolk and your wife's relatives in the old country. The international, who endeavors to appreciate and love all countries, is but a hyphenate creature, and a man justly execrated by every country. In order to love America, you must be a good hater of everybody else.

We are rightly proud of the blue blood that flows in our veins. As a boy, I used to milk sundry cows, strain the milk into shallow crocks, and set it to cool overnight in the farmhouse cellar. In the morning I would come with a saucer, and skim off the yellow cream, and then skim off the white cream, and when there was no more cream the skim

milk looked pretty blue. I wonder if blue-blooded classes are not blue because they too have been skimmed so often. I cannot help thinking that when folks grow old they become most enamored of their genealogical descent. To be a Nordic, or a Mayflower descendant, or a Daughter of the Revolution, covers a multitude of absurdity, conceit, and mediocrity.

Please remember that I too am an American, born here, genealogically speaking, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

What snobs and superior snuffers would we now become, we who have been spawned on the floods of time and drifted to these shores of accident. We are in truth the "heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time," but our heritage is hardly to be transmitted merely through globules of lymph and eddying corpuscles. Every age of earth, every race of man, has contributed something to our wisdom, our commodity, our character. We are debtors to all the world, in the unpayable obligations of the spirit. Greek and barbarian, white, black, and yellow, confluent to our age and need, sent argosies of incalculable value. I am interested in everything human. I belong therefore, by mental birth, by moral affinity, by spiritual appreciation, to every race and to all nations. Instead of being a man without a country, I am a man with many countries, nor less a patriot of one.

My wife and I visited Ireland. I used to brag about being a Son of the Revolution. She properly squelched me, by informing me that she was of baronial descent, that her mother was born in Tipperary, and derived from some lusty liegeman of William the Conqueror. I was to be only Williams the conquered. We swept through Dublin, from its name the fastest growing city in Ireland. We spent a night bottled up in Cork. We listened to the echoes of sweet Killarney. We climbed Blarney castle, and watched a fat man from Chicago trying vainly to twist a short neck enough to kiss the Blarney stone on the outer rim of the castle wall, a hundred feet in air. All his wife's family sat on his feet to hold him lest he lose his grip. Since he failed, what could a poor Colleen do? Happy thought. Softly she stooped and kissed the stone on the inner side of the castle

wall, a kiss that I am sure tingled clear through the tiers of stone and struck the ultimate Blarney stone with an osculatory T. N. T. The whole castle shook from stern to bow. But I too discovered some native wit. I turned and kissed her, and now I can most truthfully say, that I have kissed the Blarney stone, and that the better half of me is Irish to the heart, bedad. Ireland is my native land, from St. Patrick to Edmund Burke, from Tara to Belfast. I have adopted all her kings as my ancestors; I have wept for Shamus O'Brien and I have laughed with Sheridan, and I have marched and I have sung with Tom Moore and Wellington. Sure, and I'm Irish.

I'm a Scot too, officially, though I have not a drop of Scots blood in my veins. The secretary of the Caledonians of New York naturalized me. I saw my name printed on the honorary committee with other Scots notables, Chiefs of the McGregors and the Campbells and the McIntoshes and the rest. True, I had once seen Edinburgh, and wished I might one day be reborn a Scot. What with William Wallace, with whom as a boy I scaled Stirling Castle, and Robert Bruce, by whose side I fought at Bannockburn, and John Knox, under whose strong preaching I used to sleep. And there was Walter Scott, who used to guide me through the dungeons of old castles and the gorse and heather of Highland hills. And I can't forget Mary, Queen of Scots, who was one of my boyish sweethearts. But the committee wrote me, "You are a true Scot." "No." "But you wrote such and such a poem about Robert Burns?" "I plead guilty." "Verra weel, then, ye're enough of a Scot to pit your name doon for our anniversary celebration." There you are. I'm a Heelander, and a Covenanter, and a follower of Bonnie Charlie, and disciple of Carlyle. I'm economical too, and I can sing, "A wee doch an Dorris." Certainly, I'm Scots.

I lived once in old Chester, right on the border of the little principality of Wales. I worshiped in the parish church of Wrexham, where Elihu Yale was christened. From the top of Moel Fammau I overlooked the Welsh marshes and the tidal lowlands of the river Dee. Lovely Llangollen, and Bettws y Coed, Conway Castle and Llan-

dudno, Snowdon and Bangor and Holyhead, Hawarden and Aberystwith, are enshrined in my photo folio. As a good but not near friend of the Prince of Wales, who so well becomes his motto, *Ich Dien*, as a far off admirer of Llewellyn, and Christmas Evans and eisteddfods and Welsh Revivals and Lloyd George, as a lineal descendant of all the Joneses and Williamses doubtless in the world, I proudly claim my ancestral heritage in the principality.

I am an old resident of London. Visitors at my church in Kensington used to acquire my gratuitous services as guide to the less suspected glories of that metropolis. My descriptive powers were not too strictly hampered by over-nice scruples of veracity. A mellow eloquence, unimpeded by more critical restraints, lent much romance to our little journeys. We become sojourners with Dickens, with Chaucer, with Milton, with Shakspeare. Here the Brownings married. There dwelt Zinzendorf. In yon attic expired that sunworshiper, the landscapist, William Turner. We trod Cromwell's dust into Edgeware Road. We trailed Chatterton to Brook Street. We hobnobbed with history, bivouaced with literature, dined with royalties, and rejoiced that we, too, were Englishmen, however greatly to our discredit.

We have frequented Paris, Boulevards, Bon Marches, Bridges, Louvres, Montmartres, Latin Quartiers, Markets, Notre Dames, Museums, Cafés, and Operas. Also we have visited a few of the ancient glories of France. We too have been in Normandy, in Picardy, in Alsace, in Lorraine, in Brittany. We have seen Dijon and Marseilles and Verdun. Once we made pilgrimage to the memory of St. Jean Darc and followed afar off, from Domremy to Orléans, to Rheims, to Paris, to Rouen, where she suffered as a blessed martyr. When we recalled John Calvin of Noyon, Orléans, Paris, Strassburg and Geneva, Voltaire, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Molière, the Doctors of the Sorbonne, the Troubadors of the south, Henry of Navarre, Napoleon, Pascal, Montaigne, Pasteur, we blushed with pleasure at being taken for Frenchmen, probably because of our excellent accent and delightful manner.

I holidayed in Holland—brooded over her brave dikes

and polders; recalled how she once had swept the seas with a broom at the masthead, how she had held back the tides of the North Sea, and the more terrible tides of Spain and the Duke of Alva, how she had founded New York three centuries ago for the Irish to rule and the Jews to possess; I remembered her burghers, Rembrandts, Oranges, tulips, Edam cheeses, Erasmus, Leiden and the Pilgrim fathers, The Hague and world peace, and was thankful to be a Dutchman. And when I reveled in quaint canals in Bruges and Ghent, Antwerp Cathedral and Brussels sprouts, Van Dykes and Rubens, Ypres and Waterloo, I was happy to belong to the patient Belgians.

I revisited old Germany, the fatherland of before the war, before efficiency, Bismarck, and Kaisers had ravaged that land of sentiment, philosophy, melody and religion. Echoed from castles along the Rhine old legends and folk songs. I seemed again to companion with Goethe and Schiller at Weimar. Beethoven and Schubert surged in music through all my being. Luther thundered faith, and Kant and Hegel rayed philosophy. Dürer at Munich and Hans Sachs at Nuremberg, Handel at Halle, Heidelberg on the Neckar, Cologne on the Rhine, Dresden and Leipsic, universities, science, surely these must still live, whatever died in the great war. And so, with or without the will, we are still debtors and heirs of German culture.

Who can tamely behold the leaping splendor of the Alps, thread her glaciers and snowy summits, overlook her crystal lakes and tumbling cataracts, hear historic voices echo down her canyons, recall her lions of Lucerne, her heroic Swiss guards, whether at Rome or at the Bastille; remember her free cantons and brave leaguers, her William Tell, her Winkelried, her Zwingli, her international refuge at Geneva. Surely from these summits north and south, east and west run rivers of inspiration, Rhine and Rhone, Po and Danube, finding their inexhaustible sources in these lofty ranges. Who would not gladly own himself to be a Swiss?

Let us pass over or tunnel through our prejudices, and enter with joy upon our Italian estates. How exuberant is life here since three mighty civilizations have risen on this barren soil. Here were the marching ages of Rome's em-

pire, making roads, roads, roads focused on the Eternal City. Here again, was the glory of the Middle Ages, making roofs, roofs, roofs, sky-pointing towers, astonishing aisles, miracle cathedrals. And that latest Italy, dream of Dante six hundred years before, even now bursting her narrow confines and crying, "Room, room, room." Italy of Virgil, and Seneca, of Aurelius and Cicero, of Cæsars, of Raphaels, Dantes, Angelos, Italy enshrined at Florence, apotheosized at Rome, floating dreamlike at Venice, basking in cerulean beauty at Naples; Italy, land of St. Francis and Savonarola, of Titian and of Tasso, of Garibaldi and of Ariosto, are we not brothers under the skin, members of one family of kindred minds?

Behold the hill of the Acropolis; does not your heart stir with great memories? Is there no sense of divine obligation for the clustered marble and golden dust of Athens, liberty, and the Age of Pericles? Does not Leonidas call you from the passes of Thermopylæ, and Themistocles from the height of Salamis? Are Demosthenes and Homer, Socrates and Plato, Æschylus and Euripides, Pindar and Phydias nothing to you, O ye who pass by? "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said," whene'er he stood in Solon's stead, "this is mine own, my native land? Mine is the country of Hellas, mine the patrimony of the Greek."

If ever was a holy land, that was Palestine. But Palestine belongs not to the Zionists alone. Perhaps because all humanity has become heir of the Hebrew history, prophecy and promise, that it becomes incredible that an estate so subdivided, so minutely allocated, so devoutly possessed, should ever revert to its original owners. I too with Paul am a Hebrew of the Hebrews. For me Moses lead the Exodus, for me David played his lyre, for me Isaiah wrote his sublime oration, for me Elijah defied the prophets of Baal. I am native to Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, and Galilee. Mine are the heights of Olivet and Hermon and Carmel, and mine the valleys of Esdraelon and Sharon and the Jordan. Not time nor change shall disinherit me of my title. For I too am a child of Abraham, an heir of faith.

So, then, are we citizens of the whole world. We are children of the ages. The currents of thought and feeling are mightier than the ties of blood. Blood may be thicker than water, but ideals and ideas are holier than blood. The sons of the mind are nearer of kin than the sons of the body.

Let us welcome the true aristocracy. I am generous enough even to admit kings to my fellowship, George the Third to the contrary notwithstanding. I was resident in England for eight years, exactly the reign of King Edward, the Peacemaker. We were always the best of friends. Always when he opened Parliament on the second of February (which is groundhog day, but has no apparent connection) I used to stand in the crowd and cheer the King and Queen as they drove by in state,—I, an American, with my silk hat, and gloves and cane. When the gilded coach of the King came by I always lifted my hat and bowed, and inevitably he always lifted his hat and bowed to me. I am quite sure he kept a lookout for me in the crowd, and would have missed me very much had I been absent from that ceremony. Yes, we were good friends, though not particularly intimate, and we never had a hard word with one another during all of eight years. He was no counterfeit sovereign, but worth his weight in gold.

I am generous enough to be willing to acknowledge the aristocracy of character, even though it be obscured by the trappings of grandeur and the traditions of bygone days. While most virtue is of course the product of the farm and the slum, yet when it peeps shyly through the dense thickets of privilege and convention, let us pity lords and princes, give them a helping hand, beguile them from natural shyness into modest affability. Let us try to help them forget their past, their thrones and coronets and trailing robes and stiff formalities. Let us receive them with a gracious condescension, and welcome them to that aristocracy of character of which we are so lavish and so fond.

Earth's true aristocracy is her nobility of character. And the sap and root of right character is to be found in faith. "Yours is the preciousness," said Peter, the fisherman.

"Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession."

I have known many pleasant companions, virtuous, amiable, all honorable men. I have no intent to deny the splendid principles and sterling qualities of those who eschew religion, and affirm only a noble ethical practice. But these heroic souls, who can get along without God and heaven and the Bible, whose tongues drop honey and whose lives are spotless togas, remind me of the lovely cut flowers on the pulpit last Sunday. Nothing could exceed their rare perfection of form, of color, of perfume. They were cut flowers, but they did not boast themselves above the roses yet enrooted, the lilies yet enrapport with their bulbs. For they were wise and modest enough to know that never a cut flower existed but what grew on some root, and never was manly character developed but through the fine tendrils and deep searching rootage of some ancient belief. From the bulbs of ancestral faith, from the rose-bushes of yesterday, came all the godliness of to-day's flower show.

Further, I meditated. There is no cut flower, however beautiful, but what shall fade to-morrow, and wither, and pass, and earth shall behold it no more. But life that is profoundly rooted in Deity blossoms, and fades, but lives anew when the year changes and spring comes again. And forth from the root itself, or from the ripened seeds, other like lives are begotten that blossom unto eternal life. By faith, flowers live forever; by faith, they bear their proper fruitage.

Men say the old Cathedral is crumbling. Her foundations were set in the marshland. Time and wind and the chemistry of the weather have softened her stones and weakened her structure. The crawling ivy, prophetic of the grave, covers her great towers, and loosens her mighty buttresses. How much better these sheer skyscrapers of steel and stone that outface the sun in all his splendor. The old church is but a relic of an age forgotten. Yet as twilight falls, lingering, and night birds begin to cry, let us steal into the ancient edifice and listen to evensong. Here for a thousand years men have believed and wor-

shipped, sought and found, prayed and were answered. The setting sun still turns the stained glass to unearthly glory. Somberly loom the monuments of tough old crusaders and blessed old bishops. A few humble cottagers kneel in the pews. A lone woman's figure bows before a little shrine. Through the great nave echo the diapasons of the organ, from the chancel float the responses of the choir. And peace that passes understanding touches the heart as with the soft petals from a dove's wing.

The clustered columns begin to change. No longer are they granite, and marble, and sandstone and alabaster. They are become living stones in the Temple of the universe. Faces triumphant through pain, figures majestic beyond death, lift like Caryatides upon their noble shoulders the clerestory and tower of all eternity. These are the martyrs and heroes of faith, stones that will endure when St. Peter's shall be ruins, and St. Paul's shall be dust.

I recall that sacred spot in Africa, where lies the heart of that Scots missionary, physician, explorer, who threaded the wilderness, befriended poor savage blacks, battled slavery, baffled fevers, laid down his life for the gospel. Under the glorified roof of Westminster Abbey his ashes lie, and none too great to do him honor. By what strange alchemy he turned to immortal fact the prophecy inherent in his name, Living Stone.

I used to frequent Hawarden with its ancestral castle, superb oak forest, and memories of an illustrious statesman. In the little chapel one may sit in the very seat where Archbishop Benson died. Or stand at the lectern where the great Premier was wont to read the Holy Scripture in the service. Or on the wall read his casual translation into Latin of that familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me"—"Jesus pro me perforatus Condar me in Tuum latus." What magic parable again in a name, he whose eminent worth rose out of profound religious conviction, supporting on his stalwart witness the roof that sheltered many a feebler faith. A Glad Stone in the Temple not made with hands.

Such are the aristocracy of earth, the nobility of heaven; the alabaster and marble, the granite and bronze, whose

character and faith hold up for ever the Cathedrals of worship, of praise and of peace.

I paused in the corridor of a chapel at Cambridge. Here was the bust of Sir Isaac Newton, who numbered stars and measured their orbits. Over there the bust of the great Chancellor, Francis Bacon, trenchant of pen, prophetic in scientific outlook. In the window one sees the family group at Bethany, among whose spiritual countenances is depicted the meditative features of George Herbert—Herbert, scion of English nobility, rare scholar, genius of poetic fancy, who died so young, yet lived so well for the everlasting things. Salisbury Plain echoed to the feet of William the Norman's knights and the marchings of the soldiery of the latest and earlier wars. To the north are the ruins of Old Sarum where was once an ancient cathedral, and whence came the first Norman book of prayer. To the south lies Salisbury with its lovely Cathedral whose slender spire, four hundred feet in altitude, is the finest in all England. But out in the tiny parish of Bemerton dwelt George Herbert, those all too few years as minister of a tiny church and the curé of humble farming people. Yet ere the morning's task they learned to pause for a moment's prayer within that chapel door, and felt somehow that in their midst dwelt a prophet of the living God, and that heavenly mysteries were blossoming on every branching moment of the day. And he who gave us the Temple in reverent verse, knew himself to be the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and discovered the patent of celestial aristocracy.

"Only the sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives."

VIII

THE FALSE ARISTOCRACY OF LOOKS

AMERICA once used to be the democracy of the plain people, but she is becoming the aristocracy of the good-looking folks. Republican simplicity of dress and manners has been replaced by a worship of clothes and appearances. Carlyle's "forked radish" must be garnished by mayonnaise dressings. We are become super-tailored. We no longer believe with Pope,

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is only leather and prunella."

Beauty is only skin-deep; but our skins are getting as thick as rhinoceros hides. We wear complexion masks till we resemble old-fashioned clam-bakes. Powders and paints and dyes and acids and creams and rouges and massages and manicurings are the stock in trade of a thousand beauty shops. Every woman expects by assiduous and kindly art to become a modern Helen.

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Every lady wants to be a picture fit to be hung in the Royal Academy. If you preserve the surface you preserve all, for often that is all there is to this modern beauty. We have all our goods displayed in the shop window,—there is nothing behind the eyebrows. As the good colored preacher rebuked his wandering auditors for staring at some white visitors who dropped into the service a little late: "Nebber min', Bredren, nebber min'. Dey faces may be white, but dey hearts are as black as ours."

Man looketh on appearances, but God looketh upon the heart. What you really are, and what you seem to be, may be a world apart. Life's finest beauty is that which cannot be bought at any drug store, but is the clear shining

of an honest and kindly heart, giving expression and nobility to the worst ensemble of features, and conferring grace even on wry faces and muddy skins. We do not need another coat of whitewash, but souls with flame intense enough to shine through our murky clay.

It used to be that parents would exhort their children, "Johnny, when you grow up, you must try to be like Abraham, or David, or Washington, or Lincoln. Be a good man. Be a great man." And Johnny would obediently grow up to his ideal, more or less successfully, until he did faintly resemble in character the illustrious stars of the Old Testament, or the New Testament, or early American history, or of the world's mighty moments.

By looking at heroes we become like them. Great souls are the salt of the earth. They have transmitted their savor into millions of obscure lives. The patterns they wove in silk have been repeated in homespun. There is no limit to the rippled radiance of such men as Isaiah and St. Augustine, of Wesley and Xavier, of Jeremiah and Livingstone, of William of Orange, of Arnold Winkelried, of the Gracchi, of Robert E. Lee.

Mothers used to advise their daughters, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." Of course it is much easier to be good than clever, or even good-looking. In those old days we had a great harvest of good women. They all tried to be like Miriam and Hannah and Deborah, like Mary and Theresa, like Victoria and Susannah Wesley, like Florence Nightingale and St. Monica. But we have changed all that.

Nowadays our young men come home and look in their mirrors, and repeat to themselves convincingly, "Every day, and in every way, I am looking more and more like Rudolph Valentino, or Douglas Fairbanks, or John Barrymore or Thomas Meighan." And the girls, sweet creatures, croon to their flattering reflections, wherein they are all good-looking lasses, "I am growing to be the very image of Mary Pickford, or Norma Talmadge, or Claire Windsor, or Pola Negri." Sometimes she thinks, "I combine the best points of all of them. I am a beauty star of the first magnitude. I am a whole constellation."

The inevitable result is that we get to look like what we look at. Our ideals are those of the silver screen instead of the golden heart. The time will come when the boys and girls of America, instead of being a citizenship of admiring and admirable patriots, will become a job lot of admiring and less admirable moving picture stars. With every man a *matinée* idol, and every woman a movie queen, what chance will the traffic police have in getting the crowd to move on down Broadway?

Is the world getting better, or is it merely getting better looking? I can only answer for myself—yes, undoubtedly. Married folks get to look like each other. Most men have all their beauty, principle and interest, invested in their wives. There is a question as to whether one can get the most lovely bride from New York or Pennsylvania. My answer is, "Neither; but from California." That's where I got mine. But of course the average went down considerably when she left the Golden Gate. For twenty-seven years I have been getting to look more like my wife, therefore more beautiful. I know some scoffer will retort, "What a very poor start I must have had." Alas, that is so. It is also sadly true that my wife has begun to look a bit like me.

Dr. Parker, the famous preacher of the City Temple, London, had an extremely beautiful and amiable wife of whom he was very proud. He himself was of a rugged, leonine countenance, with flowing mane and massive features. One day as they walked along Holborn a street Arab called after them, "There goes Beauty and the Beast." The doctor turned, shaking his great head, and wagging a portentous finger at his accuser. "I don't mind what you call me," he thundered, "but I will not allow any one to call my wife a beast." The only hope for some of us men is to marry a good-looking wife, but what if all the girls want *matinée* idols?

A yokel one evening, having finished his day's work, started to light the lantern. "Where be goin', Jock?" said his master. "Be goin' coortin', master," said the servant. "What, coortin' wi' lantern, Jock?" "Aye, master, coortin' wi' lantern." "Whoi, Jock, Oi never went coortin' wi' lan-

tern in a' moi loife." "Aye, master, one could tell that, by lookin' at the missus." Diogenes might have found an honest man with the help of a lantern, but to find a truly beautiful wife he would have to take along an X-ray.

The greatest men in the world have not been its handsomest, at least, not always. Recall *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

"I went to see *Cyrano* played, right in the pit, where I could see,

He has a face that grows on you—I'm glad it does not grow on me."

Socrates, the wisest of them all, was the ugliest, until we come to Lincoln, who was no Apollo. He said himself that once a crazy man threatened to shoot him, having made a vow to kill any man as ugly as himself. "Well," drawled Lincoln, "if I am as ugly as you are, go ahead with your shooting." Yet we remember the woman whose son he had saved from death, who called to thank him. "Why, they told me," she exclaimed, "that you were ugly. I think you are the handsomest man in the world!" And so, in truth, he was.

Real ugliness is a sort of a reminiscence of the old days when we were not human, but lower animals. I have often caught myself recalling a friend by his evident resemblance to his forbears, or to his simian cousins. Watch a group of society folks at a banquet, and note the uncanny likenesses. Yonder is the jowl of a hog, there the sinuous grace of a snake; the dear dowager is placid as a cow chewing her cud; the mongrel dog yelps his staccato jokes; Chanticleer preens his feathers; the mild sheep graze quietly; elephants nozzle their provender; asses bray even from the platform; there is the laughter of hyenas, the purr of cats, the hissing of geese. What a zoölogical garden a first-class restaurant makes.

"Ah, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us;
Fra mony a blunder it wad free us,
An' foolish notion."

Remember the countryman who was looking for the zoölogical gardens, in Regent's Park, London. Appearances were so much against him—a short nose, a very long upper lip, a fringe of sunrise whiskers under his chin,—that he resembled a chimpanzee. Confused in his direction, he called to a passing boy, "Hey, lad, lad, am I right for the Zoo?" "You would be, if you had a tail," was the instantaneous retort.

We have read of Hans Christian Andersen's ugly duckling, who was despised and pecked and driven out of barnyards, but who grew up to be no longer an ugly duckling, but a lovely swan. Doubtless every Cinderella dreams of her coming ball and her fairy godmother, her handsome prince and her apotheosis from ashes to affluent splendor. But we cannot always be sure of such transformation.

A friend of mine was a little, dried-up runt of a fellow. One eye had been put out by a bullet in the Civil War. He wore a grizzled droop of chinwhisker. His voice was a shrill pipe. He was a most unimpressive presence, and a minister of the Gospel. Carrying his satchel, he dropped into a store to chat with the storekeeper. A half-drunken fellow, seeing his satchel, was consumed with curiosity and ventured to address him. "Traveling man, mister?" "Yep," shrilled my laconic friend. "Traveling for groceries, maybe?" "Nope," was the succinct reply. "Perhaps you're in the hardware business?" hopefully. "Nope," was the damper. "Not millinery?" puzzled. "Nope," my friend snapped. "Well, what are you traveling for?" "I'm traveling for the Kingdom of Heaven," said the preacher, with an attempt at dignity. The inquisitor looked quizzically in the minister's face, shook his head incredulously, and sadly remarked, "You can't make it. You haven't got the right complexion."

Which seems to imply that we must have not only converted hearts but some of us will have to have converted faces. Perhaps the plastic surgeon may help you out. But let me warn you. I knew an eminent princess whose face enameled beautifully, but who never smiled again, in fear lest she should crack the enamel. And I

knew an estimable fighter who had a new paraffin nose, who never fought again. Alas, what sacrifices we have to make, just to be beautiful.

But be of good cheer. There is hope for even plain people, for God made a lot of them. We are not all expected to be dudes and dolls. In the old Cathedrals, besides lovely angels and beaming saints, the artists used to place here and there, strategically located, some devil of a face that they called a gargoye. God causeth even the wrath of man to praise Him. After all, it is better to be a green frog than a white pond-lily. Honey from a gourd is better than vinegar from a golden chalice. Better a merry heart with a hooked nose than a dumb Dora with the Greek profile. The artistocracy of good looks is considerably overdone. Are you a Gargoye?

IX

THE FALSE ARISTOCRACY OF WEALTH

WE have with us to-day Plutocracy, which is the pre-tending aristocracy of wealth. Most of us would like to belong, and therefore despise those who do belong. Money makes the mare go—that's the reason we have so many runaways. Iago is ever counseling Cassio, "Get money; put money in thy purse." Money is a root of all evil and most of us have a root in every tooth. Very few rich men have got money; their money has got them. Women don't marry for money, but they go where alimony be.

Said the old Monk: "O my brethren, Paradise to-day is become a pair o' dice; all houses have become ale houses; matrimony has become a matter o' money. It was not so in the days of Noah, ah, no."

We have all joined the glorious company of the go-getters. Some of us went to Florida and became realtors and eloquent exponents of that land, which must be like Ceylon—"where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Florida, I am told, is a low lying country.

Some of us assisted in the recent bull market in Wall Street. They say March came in like a lamb. We know it came in like a whole flock of lambs—each with his wool nicely shorn. Lambs that had been happily gamboling on the long green.

When I was a boy I used to sit up of nights trying to decide what I would do with my first million dollars. Later I used to wonder when I would get my first hundred thousand. Now I get a headache trying to make my salary stretch from January 1st, to the day after Christmas, which is the shortest day in the year. At least more people are shortest then.

A Chicago man once did London. I showed him round. We went through the subway, which they called the tup-

penny tube. "Who owns it?" he asked. "How much did it cost?" "How long did it take to build it?" Always three questions, exhausting every point of interest. We went into the National Gallery. "Who owns it?" "What did it cost?" "How long did it take to build it?" Finally to the Westminster Abbey—"Who owns it?" "What did it cost?" "How long did it take to build it?"

He was a rich man, but I was a supersocialist. A supersocialist is one who owns everything. I showed him St. Paul's Cathedral. "I own that," I said, modestly. I pointed out the Bank of England. "That belongs to me," I remarked casually. We jaunted through the old Tower. "That," I breezed, "is one of my possessions that I am fondest of." We strolled through Buckingham Palace. "All this is mine. Some rare domicile,—what?" My friend looked for a Bobby, as they call their policemen, evidently thinking I had gone off my nut. I took him to a bench along the Embankment, and tried to make him understand. "Who is it," I argued, "that owns a really fine estate, or a beautiful picture, or a romantic castle? Not the man who pays vulgar cash for it, but that man who may not have a penny in his pocket, but the wealth of Ormus and of Ind in his heart. He understands landscape, he appreciates pictures, he is enraptured by castles. By this power of appreciation, he most certainly owns all things, beautiful, true and good. The events of history, the mighty battles, the sunsets above the Alps, life, death, books, men, thrones, dominions, all belong to him. And in thus owning them, he robs no one else. The more he has, the more he shares, the more there is for everybody else to have with like possession."

"I see what you mean," said my friend, knowing that I was not insane, only cracked. "I knew a girl in Oshkosh like that. She was very ugly—her face was her misfortune—and since she wanted to marry, she found that she must fascinate. She gave out that her father was very wealthy. A young fish bit at the bait. He took her buggy riding. "That," she said, pointing to a fat farm, "that belongs to my father. "Indeed," said the fish, swallowing. "And that," again she waved her fair hand toward

some teeming acres, "that too belongs to my father." Again the fish gulped. "And this," she indicated, as they passed a luxurious farmstead, "this is also the property of my father." This was almost too good to be true. The carp shut his eyes, and popped the question. He was quickly landed; they were married; and then, as often happens, he woke up. Her face was not only her misfortune, but her sole fortune. Indignantly he spluttered: "You told me that all those places belonged to your father." "Ah," she replied, piously, "I meant they belonged to my Heavenly Father."

I have no personal objection to a man's being rich, only I hate to have him pretend that he is richer than I am. Many wealthy men realize the truth that riches is only a kind of a disease, like measles or gout or rheumatism. Sometimes the cure is simple and sudden. Sometimes it gets chronic, and you have to work like sixty to keep down your surplus, or you'll have fatty degeneration of the heart. Mr. Carnegie knew that, when he said: "The trouble with most men is that when they have enough to retire on, they have nothing to retire to."

When you finish paying your income tax, sit down and make up a schedule of things that money cannot buy. I'd rather be squeezed in a lively subway crowd at a nickel a squeeze than share Tut-Ankh-Amen's golden coffin at two for \$250,000. I saw a squirrel in a cage the other day. He kept racing up the inside of a turning cylinder, getting lots of exercise and arriving nowhere. All that squirrel wanted was to get out of his cage, and be free. He had that much sense anyway. I saw another poor squirrel in a cage, down on Broadway. He was running around, calculating profits, figuring losses, worrying, sweating, swearing, snapping, and he didn't have to do it at all. He just thought he had to keep on till he dropped in his tracks. Yet they say squirrels eat nuts.

"Drive your business," said Ben Franklin, "but don't let your business drive you."

It is much easier to get a lead-lined coffin than a relined stomach. You can buy associates, but you can't buy real friends. You may purchase a wife, but never a lover.

You can buy pieces of eight, but not peace of conscience. A merry heart, a sound digestion, a living faith, these are the unbought gifts of God.

We try to measure all values by how much a man gets. I knew a rich miser once who used to go downtown for eggs each week. He always carried a board with a hole in it. Any egg that would pass through that hole was too small for him to purchase. Simple, yet not efficient. There are differences in kinds of eggs as well as in size. There are snake's eggs and dinosaur's eggs and egg-plant. There are fresh eggs and Sophomore eggs and even Senior eggs. There are Easter eggs and porcelain eggs and candy eggs. A hole in a board is no sufficient measure. How can a dollar tell a man's worth to society?

Three little shavers were bragging about their fathers. "My father," said one, "sits down to his typewriter and writes an essay, and takes it to the editor, and he gets a hundred dollars for what he wrote." "Huh," snorted the artist's boy, "my father slaps some lines on a piece of cardboard, and draws a cartoon, and takes it to town and they give him two hundred dollars for it." The poor preacher's boy was stumped, but then rose to the occasion. "That's nothing at all," he exclaimed, "compared to my father. Why, my father just gets up and talks and talks for about half an hour, and it takes six men just to carry up the money."

Of course each of us thinks he is worth much more than he gets. Our judges are underpaid. Our teachers have overcome their former handicap. White-collar men get less proportionately than their collarless brothers, in mechanical jobs. Certainly brains ought to be rewarded, even when we are a little befuddled as to just what real value we are getting for the organizing of a trust, or the spreading of a loan. Now when a carpenter saws a board crooked, or misdrives a nail or puts up a lopsided house, we can behold and condemn his jerrybuilding. We can discover sometimes a bad job of plowing, or bricklaying, or plastering, or tailoring, but who can tell for sure whether a doctor gives us the best medicine for our money, or a lawyer the

best advice, or a teacher the right lesson, or a preacher the right exhortation?

A man's value to a community is usually confused with the money he drags out of it or the salary he pulls down for his activities. We might pause to ask whether it is what he gets from society, or what he gives to society, that is the criterion of his worth. When Red Grange, after running wild through several football seasons, finally threw up his college career and turned professional footballer, I criticized rather severely in my young men's forums his selling his collegiate opportunities for a mess of the usual pottage. The young men of New York fell upon me, hip and thigh, argued, questioned, derided any attempt to set life any standard except "What do I make out of it?" The supreme benefactors of the race, if they are to be believed, were the richest men, the millionaires, the high-salaried executives.

"All right," was my reply. "Let us ask who are best remembered. Who was the richest man in America in the days of Thomas Jefferson?" Nobody remembered. "Who, then, was the richest man in England in the time of Edmund Burke?" They had apparently forgotten. "Well, then, what names come down to us from history solely memorable for their affluence?" "Midas," cried one, "whose touch turned everything to gold." "Cræsus," answered another, "who was captured by Cyrus, and saved himself from death by quoting Solon, 'Count no man happy until his death.'" "Lucullus," said a third, "who was famed for his luxurious gormandizing." "Timon of Athens," another added, "who found when he lost fortune he also lost all his sycophantic friends."

So history wraps the memory of those dedicated solely to wealth with a parable to each package. I asked them then, since there were incomes far exceeding the million mark, whether the head of a chewing gum corporation really deserves greater remuneration than the president of the United States; whether Justices of the Supreme Court should receive a tenth of the income they might make in business; whether Ambassadors at foreign courts should

be rewarded at the same rate as a small town seller of haberdashery. "Let us take, for example, a few unforgettable names, and assign them commensurate salaries. What price am I offered for Tennyson? Who will make a bid for an inventor like Morse? What should we allot for a scientist like Newton? What should be the weekly wage of the prophet Isaiah? How many thousands a year did the Apostle Paul receive? How much wealth did St. Francis of Assisi amass? Where are the estates of John Calvin? What incredible fortune did Dante leave? Where is the heritage of Plato? What am I offered for the services of John Wesley? How much income tax should be paid by Bobby Burns, Swedenborg, Beethoven, Raphael, Dickens, the Emperor Nero, Judas Iscariot? What would be the proper stipend for a medium-priced archangel, or a high-grade seraph? And what would you suggest as a fitting salary for Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth?

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." Only a Chinaman will buy number fifteen shoes for number eight feet, just to get more for his money. We are too stuffed with superfluities, like the eccentric rich woman in Ohio who stowed her house so full of antique furniture and bargains in hats and oddments of all sorts that she had no room left to place a bedstead, but slept on the floor, surrounded by all her monstrous accumulations.

We are like the man who climbed down a hollow tree to capture some bear's cubs, when suddenly the entrance was darkened by a terrible shadow, the old she-bear come to the relief of her progeny. "What's darkenin' the hole?" cried the entrapped hunter, not knowing exactly what was taking place. His friend meanwhile had got a desperate grip on the caudal appendage of Ursa Major, braced his foot against the tree trunk, and was hanging on for all he was worth. "What's darkenin' de hole!" he grunted, contemptuously. "Ef dis tail-hold slips, you'll soon see what's darkenin' de hole."

How often a rich man imagines he has the world by the

tail, only to discover too late that he has caught a Tartar, and that his supposed prosperity is but the shadow of his soul's eclipse.

“The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.”

X

THE FALSE ARISTOCRACY OF BRAINS

ARMED with Diogenes' lantern, we have been looking for America's honest aristocracy. We have already discovered the false aristocracy of good looks, and of wealth. Let us investigate our false aristocracy of brains. Are intelligentsia the true leaders of our society? Shall the long-haired dictate to the long-eared? Shall the high-brows frown upon the low-brows? Shall the bigheads dominate the pinheads?

Some one asked the painter, Opie, "With what, sir, do you mix your paints?" "With brains, sir, with brains," was the crushing retort. Yet for a painter to use too much gray matter would give rather a cloudy effect, and then what would you do about variously mixed brains? An extra brain or two might not hurt anybody, but then, again, there's many a brainy man in Sing Sing, and many a brainier man that ought to have been in Sing Sing. Napoleon Bonaparte could have matched brains with anybody, yet one Napoleon Bonaparte in a century is more than the world can bear. Your gentleman burglar with an Oxford accent may be romantic, but too refined for efficiency. "Murder as a fine art" shows a liberal spirit, but it is hardly the thing for us to mix too much of the esthetics of life with plain, matter-of-fact, every-day business.

There are many occupations in which not only brains do not particularly help, but are a real disadvantage to attaining success. What if some of our up-to-date authors should start in mixing brains with popular literature! Where would they be, and in almost no time! Sunk without trace, except perhaps a lingering odor from their latest perfumed episode. What would a man do with brains, say, in some sudden flurry of the stock market, when every moment is precious, and one must grab quick or quit? What indeed could be more unfortunate for a poor politician, who should

be virtuously busy keeping one ear to the ground to hear what the dear vox populi was saying, and had the other ear, or what was left of it, tuned in on Albany, or Washington?

Thinking, gentlemen, is only a sort of buzzing, a noisy static that interferes with our plain duty and obvious advantage. But our educators are in a bad way, for no one can tell just what brains are or who has them. We have invented tricky little tests to tell who has intelligence, and who hasn't. We have tried examinations, and psychological measurements, and we have called people hard names like Alpine, and moron, and acephalous and subnormal. We have ticketed men with degrees, and wrapped them in sheepskin diplomas, only to have them snuggle into gutters, or nestle into cellars. You can lead an ass to the fountains of learning, but you cannot make him think.

Like the little Frenchman, narrow-chested, with piping voice, who was learning elocution from a strapping Sandow of a man, all shoulders and lungs,—“Why, it is very easy,” roared the instructor. “All you have to do, is to fix your mouth—so,—and then say O.” “Vell,” replied our Frenchman, “I can fix ze mouth, but I have not ze Vind.”

There is a question of capacity. When I was a boy, I used to sit in our pasture and watch the freight trains go by on the old Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern. I could just read, and when on nearly every box car I saw the direction “Capa City,” with some curious numbers below, I used to wonder where Capa City was, and how far off, maybe as far as Chicago, and maybe as big a city as Duluth. Some day, I decided, when I was a man, I would go to Capa City, if it took all the savings I had in my little iron bank. Somehow I discovered that “Capa City,” or as we pronounce it, “Capacity,” is a long way off, and rather a big city, and very few ever reach it.

A young Scots lord of callow wits was asked by a facetious acquaintance, “Why is it, that all the Scotsmen who travel abroad appear to be men of quick wit, and unusual intelligence?” “Ah,” replied our noble lord, swelling in self-conscious pride, “you see, we have a customs at every point of exit from Scotland, and nobody is allowed to cross the border who does not come up to a high standard

of mentality." "Indeed," was the cutting response. "Then I suppose your lordship was smuggled across the border?"

In spite of our accretions of commodity and convenience, there is no evidence that intelligence has increased in historic times. The size of the skull, the phrenological bumps and billows, the weight and configuration of the brain, do not seem to have given any real clew to the mind within. The brain of a congenital idiot weighs as much as that of Daniel Webster, that American Jupiter. The Cro Magnon skulls seem to be as capacious as our up-to-date Georgian pates. While it is true we have more even distribution of information among the masses, we are not producing our quota of Platos and Buddhas. Fifty years of Athens budded more intelligence than our Democracy has yet produced in four hundred.

And this, after we trusted so implicitly that the little old red schoolhouse would deluge our countryside with brains. Now they have merged the little red schoolhouse into a big town school, and submerged the scholars, who placidly chewed the cud of the three R's, in a promiscuous torrent of interesting tidbits, sweetened to taste, and conducive of nothing but intellectual indigestion. We have thousands of college students who go through the mill as the hogs go through Chicago packing houses—they go in live hogs, they come out dead sausage, they remain pig! "Colleges," Ingersoll reminded us, "are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed."

Since the war, there has sprung up a sudden superstition, that if one can only get through some collegiate curriculum, he will thereby have demonstrated the intelligence of himself and incidentally of his beloved parents, and guaranteed for his future a very considerable degree of success. Immediately all our schools of higher learning are flooded to overflowing with ambitious aspirants. Our professors begin to feel their oats, raise the artificial standards of their courses, monopolize the teaching profession by creating abnormal appetites for Doctorates and original monographs on various useless subjects, and heartlessly, for the good of education, and for the utter discouragement and

disillusion of thousands of splendid young lives, disbar and exile those who for any cause whatever do not happen to meet the approval of the educational star chamber. The sole purpose of some universities is to boost their own scholastic reputation, whatever devil may take the unfortunate student who cannot make the grade. And to show how infallible the professorial judgment must be considered, there is a distinct understanding among the more reputable colleges that students fired from one school may not expect to be entered in any other.

Here is an utter confusion of the means and the ends of education. One might well complain of a widespread prostitution of the democratic principles of our country and of the generous endowments of our institutions. Our professors themselves, earnestly desiring to serve the community, are utterly bewildered as to what the real end of college work should be. There is too great a standardization of requirements, a stupid classification of students instead of a consideration of each individual per se; there is the evident attempt to put over certain theories of science and history, rather than the desire to stimulate the innate faculties of the disciple; and there is an inordinate emphasis upon the grammar and mechanics of a subject, rather than an eliciting of creative powers for the enlarging of life. As an example, until recently, it was impossible to gain credit in even our most liberal universities for anything but second-hand appreciation of art, while no credit could be obtained for creating pictures, even though the young artist exhibited the most irrefutable proofs of talent and industry. There are those who believe that our educational system is in danger of becoming a veritable Frankenstein's iron monster, destroying the very powers it was created to serve.

But whatever the prideful failings of our overburdened system, worshipers continue to stampede the entrances to our colleges and universities. The price of education continues to advance, nor can it be discerned that the quality advances with the price. No one has yet dreamed of telling us how we are to be able to educate the hordes that are flocking toward the sun. Is it not time for some prophet to rise with the patent observation that our whole idea of

education is out of joint; that it has somehow focused itself upon the school instead of on the individual; that we have imagined that school training could ever displace self-culture; that we have thrown into the gear of the ordinary, honest, sensible, intelligent studious citizen the inferiority complex monkey wrench, supposing that lack of college training forever bars him from the heights.

This stupidity has increased since the war, for though the Allies dictated peace, German ideas have won out. These three may be suggestive. We fought against militarism, and yet belief in the inevitability of another war and the necessity for large preparedness is notably prevalent in America. We fought to make the world safe for democracy, yet never was so great disbelief in democracy and affirmation of the claims of the superman. And after the whole world expressed its sense of disillusion that Germany, the autocrat of all pedagogic accomplishment, the profound teacher of philosophy and student of psychology, was yet utterly incapable of understanding the minds of other nations, yet now we revert to a similar glorification of education which imparts knowledge, but never wisdom.

It is time for a revolution in our attitude toward the schools. We must affirm the sufficiency of each mind to win the fullness of wisdom and efficiency by itself, when it is denied the opportunity of leisurely scholastic experience. We must exalt the privileges broadcast in books, and insist that studious effort, continued year by year, in leisure moments, with honest enthusiasm, will not only equalize the disparity so often deplored, but will more than compensate any earnest reader for his lack of a college career. Let us turn to lives instead of schools; let us order our increasing hours of leisure; it is easily possible to surpass all that the average student ever attained at school. Only in such a gospel is there promise for the slow, patient plodder, who cannot race with our intellectual greyhounds. Only thus can the longing for higher education be afforded to those turned away disappointed from our overcrowded schools. And only thus can those very numerous people, who may lack in one faculty enough to rob them of promotion in our

regimented treadmills, but who have hidden veins of rare richness that only time and individual perseverance may discover, find compensation.

Let us assure ourselves, gentlemen, that all the brains in America are not attending Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, and all such professorial sanctums. Yet of course the private reader must have not only aptitude but a degree of common sense. The problem is to find minds large enough and tough enough to take in the opulence of our sciences to-day, to retain, digest, assimilate and transmute them into the blood and bone and sinew of conduct and character.

An engine was stalled on an upgrade, and the never-sweats of the town analyzed the problem. "What you need," said one to the engineer, "is to put on more brakes." "No," declared a second, "you ought to get out of your cab and polish the brasswork." "Nonsense," decreed a third. "Jest hitch on a dozen more cars and you can make it." Meantime the fireman shoveled more coal into the furnace, got up a bigger head of steam, the engineer backed down to the level, gained a headway for the hill, and finally pulled up and over the grade. The man who would be educated needs not more brakes, nor polish, nor cars, but more steam in the boiler.

A physician in Vienna declares that the noise in modern cities is enlarging the aural appendages of citizens, and that the time will come when people will have ears as large as those of elephants. "Itching ears" then will become an enormous calamity.

A young fellow in England was quite ambitious to be somebody. He had certain abilities, but still larger self-appreciations. He took for his model that illustrious Commoner, William Ewart Gladstone, whom he had heard, at the height of his powers, inveighing against the nefarious Turk or pleading for Irish freedom. Our young friend was roused to emulation. "I shall be an all-round man like Mr. Gladstone," he declared fervently. "I shall be a great scholar, study Greek, and write defenses of the Holy Scriptures. Then I shall be a great economist, and have a real grasp of mathematics, the incidence of taxes, the way to

prepare a persuasive budget. Then I shall be a deeply religious man, and many will come to church just to hear me read the morning lessons from the lectern. And I shall be a great orator, and electrify the House of Commons and magnetize the populace with my extraordinary and compelling verbal wizardry. But," he added reflectively, "Mr. Gladstone was indeed great, yet there were a few gaps in his character, which I intend to fill up in my own. Mr. Gladstone was not a poet. What a tragedy that is in a great man's life. I shall be like Mr. Gladstone but I shall also be a poet. Then Mr. Gladstone was no musician. I am. I play the violin. I surpass him there. And, finally, Mr. Gladstone had no sense of humor, while humor is my strong point." And he really was funny. But somehow I never heard that he became prime minister, or indeed much of anything worth while. He was an all-round man,—like a balloon.

Verdi, the composer, heard a terrible slow drone of an organ-grinder outside his window, playing "La Bella Donna Mobile" just like a funeral. Verdi rushed out, seized the handle of the organ, and began turning it quickly. "So," he cried, "faster, faster." The next day he heard the same organ, looked out, and saw a sign decorating the musician's instrument: "Filippo, pupil of the illustrious Verdi!" What's the use of an education, when you have brains like that?

We must not, however, adopt the theory of the numerous success magazines, that fame and fortune always dog the steps of the man of brains, of initiative, of superhuman diligence. Most of these life stories are maudlin attempts to explain accidental achievement. The self-made man usually worships his creator. He seldom allows Lady Luck or the breaks of the game to account for his well-earned eminence. Indeed, he retains enough of good old Calvinistic doctrine in his misfit theology, not indeed to send him regularly to church or make him a martyr for conscience' sake, but unblushingly to take the credit for every strategy that succeeded, and to forget without apology the tactics that failed. To him it is unthinkable, in a world governed by divine sovereignty, that his own good fortune

could have come except by heavenly ordination, and in fulfillment of mighty moral principles yeasting in his own stirring experience.

It is for him a questioning of divine providence that any one should affirm that he was lucky to have achieved so greatly. Yet it is evident, that while from God's side there is an increasing purpose in all the world, in which all lesser currents and eddies of history share, yet among the very laws of life, qualifying every other, and throwing mere human mentality into quandary and guesswork, luck, coincidence, chance, plays a leading, an overwhelming, part. We can only take advantage of the chances that fall to us, we cannot determine their accidence. The truly successful man is the one who plays the best possible game with the cards that happen to fall to his lot. There is, of course, a reciprocity between chance, and talent, and industry, yet there is room for a vast humility on the part of our successful celebrities.

The question was asked, at the close of the war, who was greatest of four men, Roosevelt, Wilson, Lloyd George, or Clemenceau? The right answer to that question would include certain considerations. First, what was the actual accomplishment of the man. Second, what were the opportunities he had, and what was the ratio of accomplishment to opportunity? Third, what were the man's abilities, and how did these relate to his accomplishment and opportunity? And, fourth, how much greater was the man, in character and promise, than the ensemble of all that he did or might have attempted? In such analysis, it is quite probable that in actual abilities, and in opportunities, Mr. Wilson surpassed them all. The moot question seems to be, did he accomplish a reasonable percentage of what might have been done, in like circumstances, by any of the other three?

The mere fact that such a one has swum the channel, or made a million dollars, or written a best seller, or built a prodigious organization, or made the headlines of the front page, or been enbalméd in the brief immortality of a success magazine, may be no indication of unusual merit in mind or morals. Most of these stories are the apotheosis

of the commonplace. The happy confluence of health, a lucky start, a fortunate change in economic trends, a chance hit upon a popular invention, the backing of a good friend, sheer persistence often because there is no other way, these account for most of the life stories which we are supposed to emulate. Indeed, in my estimation there are more successes in failure than among those who win. When will we have the true stories of life's big losers, men who faced big odds, never flinched, kept smiling, and never reached the top. In war, we honor those who failed to go over the top; who lie in muddy trenches, the unknown soldiers of the great World War. When will we sing the heroes of the piping times of peace, men who never wrote great books, nor did famous deeds, nor made huge fortunes, but who played the game as well, and far better, than those whom the world delight to honor?

Resuming then our thesis, we repudiate the false aristocracies of blood, of appearances, of wealth, of brains, of achievement, and appeal for the exaltation of the true aristocracy of character. It is character, honest, kindly, industrious, unselfish, patient, believing, that determines the quality and the destiny of individuals and of nations. We are less concerned with whether our civilization shall produce a due percentage of genius, than whether we are producing in leavening quantities men and women of quality in life, sober, righteous, dependable, with whom "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood," the real nobility of nature, and of a stable social order, and of a right religious creation. We ask not who were your forebears, what your looks, how much you own, what you know, nor what have you done, but what you really are, all through, in and out, for better for worse, in fortune or misfortune; in obscurity or conspicuous to the public eye, winning or losing, happy in your task, your cause, your home, your country.

These indeed are "the elect race, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the people for God's own possession." These are the salt of the earth; the light of the world, life's Happy Warriors, and the glorious Sons of Heaven.

XI

CLEWS TO IMMORTALITY

THE sudden disappearance of ten million young lives in the agony of the World War has brought millions of heart-broken friends, often to stand by the grave of an Unknown soldier, and look across the No Man's land of death and question the Sphinx-like Beyond with an interrogation as old as the oldest burial place. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Scientists like Sir William Crookes, and novelists like Conan Doyle, philosophers like Sir Oliver Lodge and writing men like Hall Caine, stirred by unbearable bereavement, are affirming immortality with all the earnestness of wishful thinking. The integrity of all these is unquestioned; their extraordinary powers in certain fields is unexcelled; their conclusions should be carefully weighed.

But what is it that Spiritism proposes to do more than orthodox faith has already done. Christianity almost universally agrees in this fundamental proposition, that the dead are not dead, but living. They disagree largely in their description of the condition of those who have passed on, as to whether there is hell and heaven and purgatory; whether paradise and hades are related; whether the dead sleep till the final resurrection or live consciously in some intermediary place till then; whether the fleshly bodies shall be raised from the grave, or there will be only spiritual bodies; whether the wicked shall suffer forever, or shall have an end to their sufferings; whether immortality is humanly inherent or conditional upon the immediate creative power of Jesus who is the Resurrection and the Life.

The Spiritist is not content, however, with the credulity of the orthodox, who has to depend on Bible witnesses to lay a foundation for his belief. He intends scientifically

to prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by incontestable and objective tests, the truth of which can be verified in all ages and at all times by proper experiment and laboratory method. "We shall escape the necessity of being bound to the fallible testimony of men."

But alas for so high presumptions.

We are incontinently turned back upon the very same source of information which we had agreed to repudiate, as being too human, and therefore too unscientific. We are forced to believe in the testimony of mediums, who may be honest enough, we hope, but certainly of no better brand of honesty than that of which we were already assured in our apostolic witnesses. They received, so far as we know, rather insignificant earthly salaries for the propagation of the faith. These New Testament witnesses have had the advantage of two millennia of frank criticism both high and low, rather more conclusive, I fancy, than some of the conditions applied in many usual séances. The competency of many witnesses is seriously to be questioned; are they really disinterested spectators; have they no prejudices for or against; are their senses, eye, ear, taste, smell, feeling, not only sound but thoroughly in training; do they know all the tricks of the trade; are they naturally credulous or skeptical; these are questions which should test the reports of the sitters in the séance. Careful observers are of the opinion, too, that everything may depend on the character, the integrity, of the medium. A designing medium may be able to deceive the very elect.

Which all reduces to this fact, that Spiritism must put in place of the testimony of apostles the testimony of mediums. Whether the latter is better or worse than the former is not the question, but only this, how do you make out that Spiritism has escaped the necessity of human testimony, upon which orthodoxy claims to depend?

You forget, I am reproached, that miracles confirm modern Spiritism. What a blessed word is ectoplasm. How impossible, in the light of modern movies, that photographs should ever deceive. Maskelyne and Cooke, of Egyptian Hall fame, had a standing offer for many years to reproduce by conjuring every physical manifestation of

Spiritism. The same phenomenon may be produced by different methods; conjuring or Spirits may have produced any given event, but then you are burdened with the task of proving which produced this particular result. The camera cannot, of course, tell a lie. How could Charlie perform his amazing stunts unless the camera were perfectly truthful? I have seen men flattened by steam rollers, and brought to a full rounded life again. I have seen them fall from fifty stories high, and recover their vigor, I have seen them blown into tiny atoms, and then reassemble more quickly than a flivver in a Ford factory. And yet Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, shows us pictures of indubitable ectoplasm on plates of dubious authenticity.

Again, I am not unwilling to accept a signal or two from the unknown; my mind is quite open to receive any real sign; but for the most part, the signs so far given have a decidedly earthy smell. Living minds that we know must first be entirely eliminated before we begin to drag in our hypothesis of the invisible world. It is to be admitted, too, and deplored, that the heavenly operators are almost as bad as our mundane telephone girls. Anybody may get on your wire; you may be cut off abruptly; you are sure to get mixed messages, and invariably you are given several wrong numbers. Surely heaven ought to do a bit better than New York.

Of course, we do not expect heavenly operators to have lovelier voices, or more equable tempers, but why do they always censor the really important messages, and permit only trivialities to get through? We hear frequently from Will Shakspeare, but have as yet received very few bits equal to "The quality of mercy is not strained," or "To be or not to be, that is the question." We are told that over there they spend all their time developing a brand new process, I believe, of which earth has never dreamed a suggestion. I certainly am aching to hear a play three hundred heavenly years better than "The Tempest." Not all the Christian Science in the world can make poetry of Mrs. Eddy's obvious doggerel, nor all the fanfare of spirit visitants emblazon the balderdash of spirit messages.

Still, I am far from unwilling that such specialists as

Sir Oliver and Sir William should continue their careful investigations. But I am not willing that thousands of untrained, ignorant, and unlicensed spiritistic chauffeurs should run riot through our mental streets without any adequate police control. Monkeys ought not to investigate buzz saws. These most delicate facts of the human mind and destiny should be investigated only by those adequately equipped in psychology and religion. Whenever I have my operation for appendicitis, I am going to get the best surgeon in Brooklyn, no matter how long he has to wait for his money. The carpenter next door might be glad as a neighbor to do the job, it would be a pleasant adventure for him, and he would not be put out to receive a slight addition to his wages, but I reject his offer with ill-concealed scorn. The officious fool,—my appendix is a poor one, no doubt, but mine own. But if any one thinks to operate on my soul, any carpenter, or jazz philosopher, or bootleg psychologist, I will take it meekly, lying down, and pay him extra for his trouble. But certainly we should be very, very careful about our appendixes.

Can I honestly believe in personal immortality, without becoming a Spiritist? Is there sufficient evidence for such a faith, without depending on mediums? My answer is that personal immortality is so surely evidenced by many varied lines of argument, that even if spirits should begin to get messages through, it would add very little indeed to a reasonable basis for this conviction. Let me summarize some fourteen reasons, not as a chain which breaks with the weakest link, but rather as a wall, which stands as firm even though one might crumble a brick or two. I believe the moral probability of immortality to be so strong that no minor criticism of life can in the least affect it.

Let me first lay three tiers of natural argument, from probability, from universality, and from analogy. My deduction is not single, but cumulative. 1. The dear clay is dead, you say. There are three possibilities then, as to the soul. It may be asleep. There are some cataleptic trances so deep, so breathless, that it is impossible to know its presence. Every expression is utterly vanished—movement, color, breath, pulse. And yet, as we discover later,

the soul was there all the time of coma. Or was it really there? Where do we go in dreams? Do we ever for a little sever our connection with the body, and soar away about the realms of phantasy and imagination? Ah, no, you reply, the soul is dead with the body, and is neither asleep nor absent. Never have we known such a thing, that souls should exist apart from fleshly and neutral conditions. Therefore, souls cannot exist without being en rapport with their respective bodies. Well, I have given you three alternatives; if you insist that yours is the only possible one, it is up to you to prove it. Because you are not aware of the exact relationship between our dual entities of existence, you shall not without proof demand that solution which is buttressed merely by the negation of ignorance.

2. Every known race has believed in immortality. The Egyptian put it in his hieroglyphic; the Indian told it in his sacred liturgies, the Greek veiled it in his mysteries. This universality of belief is significant; for though these all may have been merely superstitions, false reports, garbled truths, yet it is hard to be convinced that Nature, who put such hopes in human hearts, could be such a deliberate and incorrigible liar as all that. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." What, never? Well, hardly ever. Look you. We have builded our whole science on the integrity of nature; maybe she was cruel and heartless, and unhuman, but she was honest. If this universal hope of immortality is all a lie, then the universe is a serpent, coiled about the center of an eternal falsehood.

3. Analogy is nature's suggestive argument. Spring breaks the icy bond of winter; the flowers, the grasses and leaves are born again; the egg becomes a winged song; the crawling caterpillar is transformed into a celestial butterfly. And shall there be no spring for the wintered heart; no petals out of our ashen roots; no song out of silence; no wings of escape from the cerements of our prison house? Every poet will tell you he has a truth which science cannot tell and does not definitely know. I think God is on the side of the poets.

Now let me begin to build three other tiers of brick, the

moral argument for immortality, with which I would continue to raise my wall, justice, love and perfection.

4. The best men I know are on the square; I cannot think God can be unrighteous, since he made them. And yet this world is very crooked. Some say it is because of the politicians, or because of the profiteers, or because of the war, or because of the police. All socially minded men believe in tidying up this messy old world; in evening up its atrocious inequalities. Some say that sin is responsible for every distress, just as they said that liquor caused all the poverty. A very sweeping statement, and only partially true. When I consider the diseases, the calamities, and bereavements which thousands of good men suffer, rain on the just and the unjust, no moral discrimination so far as earthly happiness is concerned, I challenge with Job the Deity to prove his justice and vindicate His equity. And as I see it, such a demonstration requires another life, where wrong shall be righted, and holiness rewarded, and vice condemned. The soul demands a better justice than the police courts of Gotham, or the exigencies of mundane fortune. It appeals to the great white throne.

5. Love always thinks itself to be immortal. The inconstant moon hears lovers swear oaths big with eternity. Divorces are made on earth, but marriages are fondly supposed to be made in heaven. Whence comes this feeling of the everlastingness of affection, relating life's vast emotions immediately to the heart of the Cosmos? Can the memorial granite outlive the love that erected it? and carved "requiescat in pace" upon it? "Life is ever Lord of death, and love can never lose its own." "Love never faileth." But love is only a relationship between two personalities. Can love survive when personality perishes? Shall the victrola remember the golden voice which I forget? Shall the ether vibrate forever with never an ear to hear and understand? Shall there be heartbeats without hearts, kisses without lips, smiles without faces, hand-clasps without hands, love without lovers?

6. The best is ever yet to be. The artist never painted all that he dreamed. The rarest poet never uttered all that he would. The divinest singer yet hopes to sing his

sweetest song. Forbidden to us mortals is that one touch which makes our life complete. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake in His likeness." The artistic longing for perfection demands of the Master artist the fulfillment, some time, somewhere. Over there, unuttered and unutterable music, beauty which brush could not attain, meanings beyond the power of human language. We rejoice in what the eye hath seen, sky, mountain, forest, sea. We rejoice in what the ear has heard, the wind, the stream, the birds. We rejoice in what creative imagination has given us in thoughts, ideals and organizations. Yet are they all inadequate, and we still hope with a sigh, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Now to these moral arguments I would add four layers of a more philosophic nature, the purpose of the universe, the indestructibility of spirit, the discoveries of modern psychology, and the imitations of immortality.

7. "Science," said Münsterberg in a lecture I heard just before his death, "can only tell us how best to do a thing; it can never tell us what is best to be done." Science discovers the hidden relations, the constant laws, the tidal tendencies of life, but cannot affirm its final values. Is a man better than an *amœba*, just because he is more complex, and has passed through more transmogrifications? But why is complexity better than simplicity? Why from the standpoint of the natural, should there be any chosen race, any favorite sons? The cyclone will destroy a man as easily as a chicken, and as ruthlessly. Nature is no respecter of persons. Then what does she respect? There is the mystery, at which science only gasps, while religion boldly guesses. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth for the manifestation of the sons of God." If these sons of God are only spume flung from the advancing tide, to fall back upon an oblivion of bleak waters, has not this cosmic mountain labored to bring forth a very ridiculous mouse? Is not the whole process of nature become but an idiot's frenzy, without waking, and without purpose? If life be life, and God be God, must there not be some

teleological outcome to all the swirling vortices of creation and providence?

8. The favorite argument of Sir Oliver Lodge seems to be the indestructibility of reality. Whatever is, must endure. This wooden chair may be burned, but it cannot be destroyed. It is only changed to smoke, to ashes, to light, to heat, to force. Matter is indestructible. But mind is more real than matter. Our fundamental knowledge is merely certain feelings or sensations, which we abstract, and unite, and objectify, and name this chair, or table, or other material thing. Out of the stream of consciousness we weave the watery dream fabric of this supposedly solid world. We are the creators of our own universe. If matter, the lesser reality, persists, will not mind, the greater reality, abide? One answers, "Matter is dispersed and altered. Will such be the fate of mind?" Not so, for the reality to which we refer is not mere mind stuff, of some temporary form and fashion. Our reality is personality, a focal, integrating, self-conscious force. If such a soul be real now, it must be real then; if it exists to-day, it must persist forever.

9. Spiritism has not demonstrated the communication of departed souls, but it has incidentally made very probable the independence of the soul from its bodily trammels. The extraordinary powers of the subconscious mind have opened doors to much superstition and also to much wise inference. Even though we reserve our judgment as to the validity of the spiritistic hypothesis, we are frankly faced with the enfranchisement of the here-and-now variety of soul. I am bigger than the boots I stand in, better looking than the reflection in my mirror; altogether superior to the habitation in which I am domiciled. It may be that I shall learn to shoot out tentacles of ectoplasm, which will render quite unnecessary these hands and eyes and ears and other physical paraphernalia. I shall some day relinquish this piano for a more glorious harp. Or I shall have a new piano of many keyboards, so superior to this old-fashioned harpsichord, that arpeggios will be easier than one-finger exercises, and Beethoven will tax his ingenuity to find chords too difficult for me to interpret. I am no body, imprisoning a

soul; but a soul, carrying this body's ballast just to keep me near the earth. Some day, when the wind rises, I shall loose the tangled ropes, leave off this cumbering element, and soar infinitely sunward.

10. There are four imitations of immortality, whose very counterfeit presentment may make us suspect the sovereign coinage of truth which they much resemble. Instead of individual immortality, a very selfish and personal sort of conception, some will posit the immortality of society, or of the race, and tell us to be greatly satisfied with such an absorption in universal Nirvana. They laud the solidarity of mankind, and appeal to unselfish brotherhood and pananthropism. Yet the solidarity of society is only a figure of speech, the organism of humanity is but an analogy. Individuals are the irreducible atoms of experience; the individual, his character, his happiness, his destiny, is the final word of evolution. Else our history is a passing show, producing rare shadows, that have no abiding substance.

There is the counterfeit immortality of fame, of eminence, of remembrance. The fierce longing that our name shall not perish with our consciousness, that for some deed of valor, some mighty project achieved, some worthy book published, men will cherish our memory when we ourselves are but dust, is a sort of inverted instinct, a supposititious Hades, where walk the shades of those who have no other sort of eternal life. "So," sings George Eliot, "may I join the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world."

Yet another imitation of this truth is the intense desire for progeny, not that our sons may continue the race, but that they may carry on our own lives, which we have had perforce to lay down. How exclusive and jealous this feeling is; how wrapped up in their children many parents become; how their whole thought turns to the continuance of their dynasty; the perpetuation of their plans, fortunes, accomplishments, until often they would by process of the dead hand of heritage control every aspiration of the living future from their enthroned sepulchers.

And again, the fascinating theory of reincarnation, which

affirms not only continuance into the future, but immortality of the past, from race to race, from life to life, with moralities which shall determine the ascent or descent from Karma to Karma. How splendidly this idea flamed up in Wordsworth's familiar "Ode to Immortality,"

"Our life is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home."

All these imitation immortalities are like the sun dogs to be seen in the frosty sky of winter, copies and reduplications of the true sun blazing in their midst.

Now we have presumptuously builded a hope of life to be, to which Christian witness has added certain stronger proofs which make the assurance more than doubly sure.

11. There is the testimony to the physical resurrection of Jesus from the grave. The soldiers knew that He had burst the bars of death that bound Him. Peter met Him somewhere alone. Mary Magdalene saw Him in the garden. The two broke bread with Him on the way to Emmaus. In the upper room the ten conversed with Him. Again in that upper room they with Thomas knew Him as Lord and God. The fishermen by Galilee had breakfast with Him. James met Him in some shady quiet. On the summit of a mount in Galilee above five hundred saw Him at once. The eleven talked with Him on the Mount of Olives, and saw Him ascend to heaven. Paul saw Him on the way to Damascus. The number, the integrity, the fitness, the certainty, the changed characters, the martyrdom of these witnesses confirms the story they told. Surely, all this was not done in a dark corner, with curtains, incense, and shadowy suggestion.

12. The extraordinary character of Jesus, His sinlessness, His miracles, His teaching, His death, demand His resurrection as certainly as His resurrection proclaims His

divinity. For the resurrection of Jesus is no mere discovery of some hitherto unknown biological fact, nor some psychological force, giving evidence of a universal law. Ours is an Easter that celebrates the resurrection not of Nero, nor of Lazarus, nor of Moses, but uniquely, of Jesus of Nazareth. There is in Him something so startling, so compelling, so quenchless, so sublime, that we cannot conceive of a being like Him really dying forever. Surely no grave was ever made that could long contain the sovereignty of Him; no darkness deep enough forever to hide the majesty of His glory. His disciples, as they remembered Him, became intensely and unshakably confident that He who was Master of Life, was Lord also of Death, and that the grave could never hold dominion over One such as He.

13. The resurrection is but one of the great doctrines of the Christian faith. Certain mighty fundamentals are held together in the systemic unity of the Gospel. Some of these elements are more patent and demonstrable than others. But if we are rightly persuaded of the truths that have a higher visibility, we should accept the others, in the conviction that future experience will demonstrate their value in due time, and because these less verifiable realities are corollary to those which already we know. We do know that Christianity works. We can prove the saving, transforming power of the Gospel in redeemed lives and in a regenerated society. If then, we know Jesus to have told us the truth in the things of earth that we can prove and verify, we ought to trust Him also when He tells us of things not so easily or immediately demonstrable. The Gospel is not many different ideas, but One Revelation.

14. Yet would I add this constantly recorded fact, that the Christian consciousness is not the memory of a historic and dead Christ, but it is a communion with a risen and living Christ. Here is a fundamental historical fact, that good men and women, in all the history of the Faith, from every condition of life, in every circumstance, at all hazards and agonies, have declared that they held immediate communion if not communication with the risen and glorified Jesus. You cannot lightly brush aside this psychological phenomenon. You cannot easily dismiss these historic wit-

nesses. You cannot disown the mighty army of faithful witnesses to the invisible reality. From Irenæus to Bunyan, from Polycarp to Wesley, from Augustine to Moody, from prince and priest and peasant, from scholar and statesman and scientist, from warrior and artist and artisan, there is the cumulative witness of human hearts, that they too have seen the Lord. Sometimes appeared in the emaciated body of St. Francis the five wounds of the crucified Savior. Sometimes there came from the leafy boughs above that peasant hovel at Domremy, the voices of the saints to the peasant maid Joan. Sometimes the Presence poured like multitudinous music through the organ soul of Sebastian Bach. Sometimes there were elevations to the third heaven as of Paul; sometimes the stern voice of terrible duty as in Cromwell. But the hand of Jesus is no dead hand from history's sepulcher, it is the hand of living power, of sceptered command, of medicinal healing, of benign blessing, to every believing life. He is alive, we have felt the touch of His hand on ours, we have seen the majesty of His eyes after conquering death, we have melted to the charm of His voice; we have sensed with all the saints the living Presence of our Lord, who was dead, and is alive, and lives forever more. Here is the witness of the Christian consciousness; it cannot be ruled out of court.

So have I builded my wall; so faith strengthens within me; a faith so valid, so certain, that I need not to peer about the mysterious corners of the psychic purlieus, as though I might possibly entrap some fleeing spirit and challenge him to wait till cockcrow. Such seeking may become pure science, but has no place in a soul's generous and established conviction. For rather it rises from unfaith than faith. Sufficient are the philosophic probabilities; adequate are the arguments and evidences, for any soul to rest in certain belief of immortality, and abiding confidence in Him who is Resurrection and Life.

XII

FAITH HEALING

ONE would think to enumerate the extraordinary interest in legitimate cures, healings, schools of medicine, and innumerable quacks, charlatans and general humbugs, that the world was being transformed into one great hospital, with a predominant psychopathic ward, and that humanity was entering into its valetudinarian stage, every man his own invalid; and that the time cometh, when folks who are really healthy will be as scarce as hen's teeth.

We have allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors, surgeons, chiropodists, manicurists, gland transplanters, blood-mixers, water-curers, electrocutors, dietarians, exercisers, deep breathers, and the rest of the host who think the body can be made well by twisting, gouging, jerking, thumping, drenching and otherwise maltreating the poor flesh directly. The healing force should be focused on the heart or the lungs or the spine or the fingers or the blood or the skin or the liver or the kidneys, and healing will follow as day the night.

But the faith healers are not so. They more or less despise gross palpable effects and methods, and would use the indirect attack upon disease through the vague flanking purlicus of the mind.

My first experience with faith healing was when once I hurt my finger, and mother picked me up, kissed the aching digit, and said, "It is well now." And, lo, it was as she said. Next I recall the Indian medicine show that camped with its little stage wagon and quartette at our one-horse town in summer. The eloquent cowboy with flowing black locks, fierce mustache and goatee, and broad sombrero, how can I ever forget him, the very beau ideal of romance? He sold rattlesnake oil, made by the Snake River Indians, an oil of oils, a panacea for tooth-

ache, neuralgia, constipation, cancer, diphtheria, whatever disease belonged to suffering humanity. He sold bottles of his serpentine liquor by the hundreds, and many people were cured, sir, slick as a whistle, of whatever it was that ailed them. The lame walked, the blind saw, the dumb spake and the sick leaped from their beds and perambulated. They also talked, which greatly assisted the good Medicine man.

There were the serried ranks of patent medicine bottles, which used to line the shelves of our town druggists, and which were carried home by honest yeomen and their wives, who were infatuated with the dreams of good health pictured on their rhetorical wrappers. What wonderful wrappers those were, printed in six different languages, so that I made my first acquaintance with and gained my inexorable regard for Bohemian and German and Spanish and Italian and French and Russian through the medium of these interesting guides to wholesome tongues. Many a farmer could tell how soon spring would come by the slow disappearance of his pile of wood, and the slow increase in his pile of patent medicine bottles in his backyard. And the sad truth is that innumerable folk were cured by these same medicines.

Then I became interested in the Mormons, who are, as you know, stalwart faith healers. One old elder I recall, who had recanted, having lost the use of his arm through rheumatism. He had been taught to believe that healing depended solely on faith, and when he contracted rheumatism, he prayed without ceasing for recovery, nothing doubting. But he got worse. He had proved his good faith by Herculean works, enduring the utmost hardships as an itinerant missionary through the Ozarks. When he got worse instead of better, they told him that he did not have faith enough. Finally, he began to suspect that it might not be so much his faith as the system that was at fault.

One Sunday afternoon I heard the famous second Elijah, Dr. Dowie, in Chicago. The crutches and bandages and other memorials of those who had been by him divinely healed were in the anterooms of the auditorium. The chanting processional of the robed choir was impressive, as

was the patriarch, in his fine presence, gown, and silver beard. His thin pipe of a voice was a disillusionment, while the fact that his daughter had just died of burns, and that at the last moment a doctor had been called in, added to the difficulty with which he that day justified his mighty and impassioned belief.

Later I recall a certain Cathedral in Italy, where the poor cripples pressed forward to kiss the reliquary in which reposed the bones of the saint. I saw the famous Santo Bambino at the Capitoline, covered with gorgeous jewels, gift of holy thankfulness for the healing touch or shadow.

In Boston I used to attend on Wednesday night and hear the testimony meetings at the noble First Church of Christ, Scientist, where marvelous experiences were told by intelligent men and women with the most obvious sincerity and gratitude.

When in Paris I was particular to go to the Sorbonne, of especial interest because of the investigations in psychotherapy and hypnotic suggestion made by professors of world-wide repute.

The splendid thing I learned from all these experiences was that these cures were many of them facts, no matter how they were accomplished. Of course the negative instances were usually not tabulated, but there were undoubtable proofs of some effective principle beyond the mere conjecture of coincidence. And now since Dr. Worcester of Emanuel Church, Boston, has for years been running his clinics uniting medical with spiritual therapeutic, and since many healers here and there are multiplying adherents and testimonies, and since the Protestant Episcopal Church itself has given a cautious sanction to the practice of spiritual healing, and since just now all the pulpits are starting up the discussion of psychology and religion, we propose to analyze the reasons for the growth of faith and mental healing cults. On the religious page of a New York daily we counted the advertisements of eighty-five more or less standardized churches, and sixty-five hopelessly outside the orthodox church pale. The attendances we were unable to tabulate.

1. The first cause is of course the neurotic condition of

our day, a sort of *fin du siècle* fag, due to this nerve-shattering civilization of ours. There are so few shock absorbers, and there are so many and so increasing bumps and jars and noise and grind, that ultimately the stoutest nerves, and immediately the weakest, must inevitably collapse. We are of course all more or less sane, yet there is evidence of growing nervous, and mental and moral instability. City life from Rome to New York has always witnessed this decadence. It is highest folly to minimize the reality and the danger of nervous disorders. If brain is the highest functioning of matter, nervous condition should merit the most intent consideration. And it is acknowledged that nervous diseases most of all, if not alone, may be controlled and ameliorated by mental suggestion of all sorts.

2. The faster we go the faster we want to travel. Spite of the extraordinary advance of medical science, and a thousand remarkable cures, the speed demon of the nerve cells cries ever "Faster, faster," to our speeding physicians. You have cured smallpox. Good. Then cure cancer and hurry about it. You have cured yellow fever. Well. Cure diabetes and consumption, and be quick with it. You have banished the plague, why do you still leave incurable diseases around to vex us. We can't wait. If you can't give us quick service in your restaurant, very well, another man upstreet advertises a good bill of fare, and uses much better decorations and condiments than you profess. We will try him. And so the doctors lose customers because everybody wants a quick lunch and a short cut. The actual food values in proteins and vitamins are not particularly scrutinized.

3. Then there is an undoubted swing back of the pendulum from the crass materialism of the last century. Folks are fed up with science and laws and atoms and mere naturalism. We want more miracles; we can live without facts. Not only can we not easily keep focused on one phase of reality, that is, the material world, but there is a growing indignation that the secular and the material should be up stage and in the spotlight all the time. Human pride and self-respect become hurt at being

snubbed by immensities and elemental forces and laws, and yells right out in meeting, to the horror of learned doctors: "I am not a miscellany and jumble of elements. I am more than a hodge-podge of odd-lot atoms. I am better than a fortuitous concourse of accidents. I am not a body that has an incidental soul, but a soul that has a more or less useful body. I am bigger, better, and will outlast all your suns, moons, and other cosmic turbulences." Now this illusion of man's moral greatness, if it be an illusion, smites material science under the fifth rib. And it is but a step from asserting the forgotten dignity of mind to affirming its exclusive being. And from making observations of lesser miracles it is a short trip to aver sweeping and absolute powers of mind over body.

4. Again, after the dogmatic ascendance of liberal theology, there has been a harking back, especially since the war, to the old ways, a revival of Bible devotion and heroic literalism. Whatever a phrase in the Bible says must be the eternal truth. If "these signs follow them that believe," we ought to work miracles to-day exactly as in apostolic times. Why should the apostles, or even Jesus, have powers which do not belong to all the children of faith? If James says to "lay hands on the sick and the sick shall recover," why do we not pray now as then for their recovery? If Isaiah says that "He healeth all thy diseases," why should we not step out on the promises of God? And why should we shrivel a robust faith by inserting pious provisos, and optional clauses in our petitions. If these are the promises of the Word, we ought to hold the Deity strictly to His word. But the more cautious disciple wants to know exactly what is the application of particular scriptures. If the apostles did do miracles, then signs historically did follow them that believed. Further, as civilization and medical science follow always the preaching of the Gospel, whether in Africa or America, medicine itself is a fulfillment of the promise. And besides, the doctors themselves agree that it is not the medicines so much as the *vis medicatrix*, the force of natural health, which medicine only aids or relieves from stress. Here then are really four ways of scripture fulfillment, why should I

limit the Holy One by insisting that He use only my one way in order to verify His integrity? And why should we assert that faith alone was the power which healed in Bible times. Was it not that faith was a condition coöperating favorably with a new spiritual force, which wrought the miracle? Nowhere does the Bible say that faith alone ever healed anybody.

But the believer in the Bible from cover to cover is stubborn; he refuses to budge; he presses his finger hard on the button of a text, and claims that Heaven's answering bell rings on the other side of the door.

5. But still more to be reckoned with are the psychologists, so-called, and often falsely, whose name is legion and whose color is as mottled as autumn leaves in Vermont forests. Every stump of a hall in New York is blossoming with more or less brilliant and fragrant psychology; every hedgerow in Gotham is filled with psycho-theraphic singing. Experimental psychology, spiritualism, hypnotism, and psychical research generally have brought us a jargon of words hard to pronounce and harder to define, but which are as blessed as "Mesopotamia" to our arid old ladies, and as potent as "Sesame" to young Ali Babas who would open the cavern doors of the Forty Thieves. Greatest conjure word of all is the word "subconscious." Some scientists deny that it ever happens, but as a working blueprint for mental processes, the theory has proven most fruitful to the elect, and also for the psychical fakirs. The subconscious covers a multitude of sins, suppositions, illogicalities, and illegitimate prophecies. Still, the hypothesis of a conscious, directing mind, presiding over a subconscious, servient, intuitional mind is rich in suggestive, practical values.

Here is the realm of fancy and imagination; of faith and immortality; the faëry region of disembodied spirit; the fountain of unimaginable powers; the trysting place for all friendships; the twilight of infinite mysteries; the temple where God's own Shekinah rests between the wings of cherubim. The subconscious is the deus in machina among the neural complexes of our involved physiological system. It has automatic control of many lower centers, which the

conscious mind never knew or forgot. The subconscious melts all the intuitions and emotions and mysterious gurglings of life in its subterranean channels. It is the guide to the Mammoth cave of mankind. Occasional consciousness carries a torch through a rambling journey, but the subconscious lives and thrives in the dark caverns of mystical beauty, peace, and power.

The subconscious is the creator, out of a few dry bone facts of a whole valleyful of robust being. In its realm music and literature attain their scepter and crown, heaven opens its gates and health blooms into ecstasy. The subconscious is uncritical, and has little capacity for adjudging facts or weighing testimony. Give it a premise, it will draw you the most marvelous conclusion. Give it mince pie for supper, and it will weave you the Arabian Nights dreams. It creates a new universe to fit the supposed fact it has accepted. Like the humble oyster, it turns every grain of sand into an authentic pearl. The most fantastic dream of day becomes the most plausible reality to the sleep-filled subconsciousness.

For the subconscious is absolutely logical. Real life only pretends to be logical, while the imaginative life is as accurate as mathematics. In the deductive realms, in the region of the automatic, no phonograph can be more faithful to its disc and needle than the subconscious to its prescribed orbit.

Further, it is thought that the subconscious mind is en rapport with other minds in the magnetic ether, and there are enormous possibilities either of discovery or development in telepathy and other suprasensual influences.

It may be, too, that this same subconscious is also the superconscious, as though the wells of personal experience were but driven into the water courses that underflow whole strata of human life.

Now, if the subconscious, with all its unexplored and unexpended million-celled powers and possibilities, be properly directed toward success, or health, or happiness, why should we not utilize the enormous energies that here have been wasted or lain dormant. Instead of decrying or defining, hampering and explaining, why not set the uncon-

scious free for its largest expression and most useful accomplishment?

Recently, two schools of psychology have appealed to the general and generous public, which, with eager and kittenish enthusiasm, has lapped milk from both saucers indiscriminately. First came Freud with the idea of inferiority complexes and suppressed desires and sexual repressions. He dug into the depths of the subconscious, as who should descend into the depths, to bring Christ up. But he brought up ugly strangled victims of unrequited love, ghosts that moaned and beckoned in the windy dungeons of the spirit. Then he knit again the dismembered courage and power of the frightened mind by showing it that its ghosts were really only moonshadows on gray stones, or branches brushing the castle walls, or winds shrieking through dismantled windows. And when we faced our fears and confessed them to the broad daylight of reason, they vanished and haunted us no more. He put a poultice, to use an elegant figure, and drew forth the fester from the wounded soul, and cleared the system of its infections.

On the other hand, Coué, our more recent mental prophet, would inject soul serum into his ailing patients. He would ascend to the heights to bring Christ down. Instead of eradicating inhibitions and complexes by dental methods, pulling infectious ideas up by the roots, he would rather jab the hypodermic needle of conscious affirmation into the lax arm of the subconscious, until every vein and artery and nerve lapped up the repetitious optimism and whispered it down all the ramifying corridors of the functioning system.

Both methods seek freedom: Freud, by untwisting entangling alliances, Coué by giving the soul wings to rise above them; Freud would clear the stream of stones by digging out the rocks that make the current dangerous for boats; and piling them on the bank; Coué would fill the stream so full with a flood of waters that your boat shall overswim all the boulders that may lie unheeded and unfeared at the bottom of the river of consciousness.

Now it seems to me that both of these systems might be used, for they are not contradictory. Christian Science is

extremely the method of Coué, adding to it the religious note and intensity, and a deal of less digestible theology. Theoretically, the method of the Roman Catholic church confessional is the method of Freud, restricted there to sin, yet most admirable psychology, and should be imitated in treating other human ailments. Everywhere there is needed some kind of a confessional, though Coué would have every man his own absolver.

A ministry skilled in human hearts and needs, worthy of perfect confidence, should be able to use, first, the method of Freud, in discovering hidden sin, or sorrow, or weakness, or disease, by a thorough-going revealment of the hidden chambers of the mind. Then just as Coué does in his positive affirmation, and as the priest when he announces in the name of the church and the Deity the absolution of the believer, so the curé of souls would announce the mind's freedom from all sin and sorrow and sickness, and affirm that health which is the birthright of all the sons of God. First confession, then forgiveness; first Freud, then Coué.

Freud alone may invent causes rather than discover them. Coué alone will fail, because the subconscious will not carry out suggestions from the conscious when suspicious criticism begins to throw doubt on the conscious suggestion itself. Permanently workable affirmations must be justifiable to the conscious mind by reasons, objective proofs. Suggestion without objective reality to back it is like a drug which requires more and more grains to produce the old effects. There is a limit to the effects of opiates.

Certain practical conclusions should close this essay.

1. There is no doubt of the considerable therapeutic value of many forms of mental healing, spiritual healing, and faith healing, and they should be legitimately used.

2. Practitioners should not call their remedies cures, nor forget to tabulate their negative cases, nor go beyond just inferences from observed facts. Two-eyed vision is better than one-eyed, unless one is a Polyphemus or wears a monocle. Faith and common sense are good partners, and give proper perspective, as binocular vision should.

3. Practitioners should be careful to avoid exclusive theory. It becomes an obsession, a tyrant, a prison house.

Schools of medicine, of religion, of psychology, of politics whip themselves into the belief that their way is the only way. Your true scientist is your eclectic, who keeps his balance, and waits to see whether things be of God or no. He hangs on to the old method until he finds a worthy substitute. He accepts the evident dualism of man, body and soul, and utilizes all possible instruments, material and spiritual, for maintaining his health and efficiency.

4. Psychology is not a substitute for religion. If the religious hypothesis is true, it is foolish not to hitch your wagon to the stars instead of tethering it to your own doorpost. If psychological methods are effective, why should they not be more effective by affirming God, instead of self, faith instead of opinion, and prayer instead of suggestion or trance. All that psychology can ascertain we accept, and use, multiplying its discoveries and powers by the larger forces of a living, spiritual universe.

5. It is dangerous to worship health and success as the highest good. It might be that no psychology could guarantee either. It might also be that neither is an unmixed blessing. Failure and sickness may bring forth qualities of the soul that health and success blunt and destroy. Deliver us from the self-made man who worships his creator. Save us from the robustious idiot that never had a headache. The unco' guid may become the infernally self-satisfied. From the beginning till now, Job has sat in the ashes, mourning his losses and scratching his erysipelas, while the comforting psychologists tell him how unnecessary the whole performance is, and how the truly godly minds never lose their property, are never bereaved of their children, and never, never have boils, and never marry a scolding wife.

XIII

RELIGIOUS EARTHQUAKES: WILL THE CHURCH STAND?

THE religious world to-day is sweltering apprehensively in a murky, earthquake atmosphere. Seismic tremors shake the home, the school, the church; the mountains of ancient trust are rocking at their base. Subterranean murmurs, volcanic rumblings, herald the revolution whose chaos shall refound a new heaven and a new earth. Superb marble palaces offer rather less security than simple frame dwellings. Plaintively we seek a haven for hope, a rock for faith. One great dark sign hangs fateful in our sky, and that is the hopelessness of faithlessness. But when the Son of Man comes, will He find faith in the earth? Do we believe? Are we less Religious? What is Christianity? Where is the seat of authority in religion? Is there a future life? Has the Church a mission? Many prophets, like Cassandra, can only mourn the impending doom of Troy, but have no further vision of the founding of yet more glorious Rome. Oh, ye Trojans, frightened by the clamor of arms at the gates, the thunder of falling walls, the flames of blazing palaces, the shrieks of the despairing, better far is it for the world that Troy should perish, and her name be as a legend, if so from out her ashes may arise the Eternal City. Through the universal havoc wrought by all the scientific, political, industrial and social upheaval of these days, through the dust of mystery and the mist of doubt, some clear stars shine. Dogma has shot meteorlike to oblivion, but faith gleams still. Ceremonies have been lost in nebulous gloom, but the heavens yet hold the constellations of character. Words may wander planet-wise, but the great white way of the Spirit still arches the gulf. The revolving pageant of historic glamor

declines, but the Christ remains, eternal cynosure of our affection and hope. Earth falls from us, but the sky of truth abides. Faith, character, spirit, Christ are central and unchanging verities.

We call to the watchman on the tower: "Oh, Watchman, is there left on earth a habitat for the soul? Is Ariel fallen? Does not the Church still stand? Surely it was founded on a rock, and its walls were of granite, its towers of marble, its gates of brass." Then this particular Watchman calls down: "I see no trace of the Church—it must inevitably have fallen in the general catastrophe. The Church was in its dotage, it had lost its vigor and purpose. It served well its day and generation, but it was not adapted to the new day. Through the early struggles of the Faith, amid embattled hosts of barbarians, in the wilderness of Medievalism, during the encroachments of Asiatic migration and in the political changes of the latter centuries, the Church was the glorious bulwark and conservator of law and learning, liberty and life. She was the pedagogue of humanity, the witness of divinity. But now her noble career is ending. The Church, with her spiritual wealth, her historical sentiment, her undoubted power to lead and vision to guide, must be disestablished from the serious affection of men. The Church passes, the Kingdom abides. Ring out the old, ring in the new. The Church with its creeds, institutions, ceremonies, offices, divisions, pomp, mechanism, has been ushered out, and the Kingdom of God, spiritual, silent, unific, organic, invisible, is being ushered in. The Church is dead, long live the Kingdom."

Is this reply of the Watchman too definite? is it not that because he is on a high tower and sees far? Never before has there been so great distrust, not merely of this Church or of that Church but of the Church itself as an essential and practical ideal. Doubtless the sieges of science, flanked by the assaults of destructive criticism, have breached its mighty walls. Certainly the growing sense of social solidarity has made the Church seem antiquated and solitary, like an old city gateway. For the sake of historic sentiment we may leave it stand, a tribute to tradition, but since it blocks the traffic of these rushing times, our new highway

shall go around, and not through it. St. Clement Danes and St. Mary le Strand, oases of impotent silence, amid an unheeding and cosmic confusion, stand symbol to the future of the Church.

Yet such was not the expectation of its Founder. Jesus said, "Upon this Rock will I build My Church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it." No city of the sands this, but a stronghold on Mount Hermon, defending the passes between Orient and Occident, impregnable by any assault, provisioned to outlast every besiegement. Faith in Christ is the fundament of the Church. So long as faith endures, so long as Christ remains, so long must the Church stand.

I take it that Christ did not conceive the Church and the Kingdom to be absolutely identical. The one was visible, the other invisible: the one was definitely organized, the other indefinitely congregated. Faith is the Rock of the Church; it is the Key of the Kingdom. Beautiful and powerful as is the spiritual conception of the Kingdom, Jesus was too profound a Scholar of humanity to leave His Gospel in so ideal and indefinite a form. True, the Kingdom is the ultimate reality; but must there be no proximate realities? In this world of time and space, soul and body must retain their duality. Some organization is necessary for the demonstration, the persistence, and the propagation of all truth. Form is essential to the manifestation, the continuity and the reproduction of all life, and not less of the spiritual life. Just so, the spiritual truths of the Kingdom must be bodied forth in the visible Church. He who boasts that he owes no allegiance to the Church, confesses that he is, religiously, a disembodied spirit, a pale and ineffectual ghost. Neither earth nor heaven can well use Dissenters whose sole distinction is dissent; or Protestants whose sole message is a protest. God sent but one Voice crying in the Wilderness, and the least in the Kingdom is greater than he.

The Gospel is a social ideal; it must have a social embodiment. It is not enough that the ideal of the Kingdom of God should be distributed to the ends of the earth; men must see some model of this invention, however small or

imperfect the model may be. It is not enough that the Word should be preached among all nations and to every creature. It is essential that the Word be made flesh and dwell among us.

The minds of men are quickened in solitude, but glow only in the multitude. The spiritual susceptibility of a crowd is higher than the sum of its constituent individuals. Human nature displays in itself a demand for congregational worship, for gregarious religion. The work necessary for the inculcation of divine teaching must have some sort of division of its labors, some organization for efficiency; and moreover, the Spiritual Kingdom not only cannot be demonstrated, but it cannot well be conceived, save through the medium of an earthly Fellowship, the conditions of which approximate those of the Kingdom. Ethics cannot arise without society—ideal ethics cannot be apprehended save through more or less ideal society. The laws then, of psychology, of industry, and of morality, all demand for the persistence, propagation and demonstration of the religious ideal a visible and earthly organization, the need of which cannot vanish so long as humanity remains what it is.

This organization may not be merely a universal brotherhood of men, without distinction of race, creed, or character. So magnificent a fancy is sure to harbor its fallacy. All things human are objects of interest, but surely not objects of admiration and affection. We dare not regard humanity exteriorly and non-morally. There must be a gulf fixed between good and evil, good and bad actions, good and bad men. The lines—

“There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it certainly behoves none of us
To say anything of the rest of us—”

are an amiable sentiment, but bad morals. A bad man with good spots is not the same as a good man with bad spots. There is surely a difference between earth values and sky values. This fellowship, then, must be a fellowship not of humanity, but of the purer, the holier, the

diviner humanity—in other words, of redeemed men and women.

The salvation of the world demands, therefore, a community of saints, of those set apart; of those exalted above their fellows by moral and spiritual excellence.

There must be a sharp dividing line between this Community and the rest of humanity, sharp, even to the semblance of arbitrariness, so that goodness may be emphasized and elevated even in obtuse minds. A swift, definite, and open transition of soul should mark the entrance into this fellowship. Conduct and character are so difficult of analysis, that such preliminary act must not be superficial, local or temporary, but fundamental, universal, and eternal.

This fellowship must have extraordinary inducements to the highest possible morality, dynamic rather than static.

This fellowship must afford an escape from that curse of all ethical associations, self-righteousness or complacency.

This fellowship must have special inducements for the spread of its doctrine, as well as for the enlargement of its community.

This fellowship must add to its zeal for proselytizing a cordial admiration and just affection for character without its sphere of influence.

This fellowship must be hospitable and free of access to all manner of men.

This fellowship must display a brotherhood absolutely free from class or party distinctions.

This fellowship must be homogeneous throughout the world, that the human instinct for unity in philosophic thought may be demonstrated in a spiritual oneness, which denies variant standards, ways, or powers of ethical excellence.

I take these nine principles as necessary and fundamental, that the community through which God must be manifested and the world redeemed must be in sum a spiritual nobility, selected, specially inspired, humble, zealous, charitable, hospitable, democratic, and united.

Such a spiritual nobility is the Church of Christ, after the New Testament conception. Its members are in the world, but not of it, separated unto God, called to be

saints; a select race in the generation of the blood of Christ; a royal priesthood, after the order of Christ and Melchizadek; a holy nation, with spiritual institutions and laws; a people possessed by God, "haunted by the eternal mind."

The Church of Christ is clearly and absolutely distinguished from the world by spiritual regeneration. Conversion is the dividing line, vivid, universal and sufficient. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, including aversion to sin and aspiration to righteousness, is unapproachable by any human invention as a true touchstone for spiritual preciousness. In vain men set up the criterion of race, as who should be holy, let him be a Greek, a Roman, a Hebrew, an Englishman. The Erastian doctrine of National Church is a pale plagiarism on the thread-worn palimpsest of racial religions. Natural goodness, mental acuteness, specific moral qualifications or negations, the acceptance of outworn creeds or new-spun phantasies, are inert and inconsequent and impertinent, compared to living faith in Christ.

The Church of Christ has extraordinary inducements to supreme spiritual excellence. The consciousness of sin means the exaltation of righteousness. The Church is ever mindful of the awfulness of transgression. No glorying words, no amiable deceit, cover the abyss into which all may fall. The saint grows in compunction as he grows in grace.

Yet the Church is freed from the remorse that blackens, the guilt that degrades, by the atonement of its Christ.

The example of the perfect life of Jesus as portrayed in His Word, is an inspiration to the imitation of His disciples.

The indwelling of the Holy Spirit multiplies the waning human force. As the great need of man is not to know more of righteousness, but to be stronger in willing its accomplishment; so the supreme effect of the Holy Spirit is not so much mental guidance, as strength and power in the inner man to do what already we know we should do.

Eternal life is no mean nor unworthy prize for spiritual victory; virtue that is sapped of joy is monstrous and inhuman. It is not through farsightedness that men lose

virtue, but through shortsightedness. He that lives truly for this world only may make heaven, but he that truly lives for eternal life cannot miss it. A day at a time is not good business, nor is it good religion.

Since the Church, therefore, is inspired by the sense of sin, the forgiveness of the cross, the example of Christ, the indwelling Spirit, and the hope of immortality, she has truly extraordinary inducements to the attainment of the holiest life. So marvelous is the spiritual dynamic of the Gospel of God.

The Church of Christ escapes the toils of Pharisaism by the constant ascription of merit to its Lord Jesus Christ. However, we cry out at this doctrine; the moral world finds no other way of avoiding the conceit of goodness. Ascribe goodness to yourself: however worthy you may be, you become unworthy by the frosty touch of pride. Ascribe merit to nature alone, and immediately you fail logically to distinguish between good and evil, since both are alike, natural. "Give God the glory," has ever been the phrase of Pharisaism, the spirit of which phrase had really and generally been displayed only in the sincere disciples of the Lord Jesus.

The Church of Christ has special inducements for the spread of its doctrines and the enlargement of its community. While these two things are not the same, the incentives to both by the Church are quick and powerful. The fact that souls without Christ are lost, that men and women perish without hope, and that spiritual hopefulness is many deeps below the farthest abyss fathomable by human consciousness, stirs the soul with intense pity. The sense of human brotherhood, the consciousness of the universality of our own pain, temptation and sorrow, urges us to racial sympathy. The vision of the Kingdom, the marvels of its end and progress, and the enthusiasm kindled by the creating of so wondrous a new world, enlist the imagination of the poetic mind. Then, the command of Christ, the influence of His magnetic personality, the joy of obeying and following so glorious a Leader, lift the human will to its loftiest emprise in this campaign for

the Cross. He, indeed, who has never felt the glow of this fire, must have veins filled with Arctic snow, rather than living currents of human blood.

The Church of Christ retains, notwithstanding its zeal, a sincere appreciation of virtue wherever found. I am speaking evidently, not of the Church of history, but the Church which Christ intended—the true Church. Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill. His work was not to antagonize, but to perfect. If there be good in philosophy or religion, acknowledge it. If there be good in institutions, perceive it. If there be good in men, appreciate it. But all religions, all institutions, all men, measured by the measuring rod of Christ, fall short of the divine standard, and eulogy or ecomium will not add one cubit to their just stature. Nevertheless, the Kingdom is larger than the Church, though the Church is the earthly capitol of that Kingdom.

The Church of Christ is hospitable to every race, age, condition, and ability. If faith in Christ be impossible to some, what universal sign may mark the entrance to the Kingdom? No human society has found so broad and simple a welcome. When Isaac Errett was in Persia, amid a multitude of Christians who knew no English, he wondered what word he might leave with them that they might understand. He finally cried aloud, "Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ." The whole assembly caught up that beautiful name, joy came to every eye, and blessed was the fellowship in that congregation. Welcome, thrice welcome, is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. And all may know that language, and feel the marvelous magic of that glad talisman, "Jesus Christ."

The Church of Christ is, in respect to its inner life, necessarily a democracy, with a universal suffrage, and a representative control, subordinate only to its constitution, the New Testament. No trace of clerical triarchy appears until the second century. The Church is not a priesthood nor an oligarchy. In the division of labor necessary to every organization, you do not find the sharp and severe union of office and function as in the industrial world.

Here the fitness of the man overcomes the elevation or lowness of office. The deacon preaches, the elder supervises, the members sing, pray, work for the varied interests of the Church. While there is decency and order, there is the largest amount of spiritual, doctrinal, and functional freedom. The Church of Christ is not highly organized. It is truly a congregation, not an ecclesiasticism. The members are not cogs in the machine, nor automata of the hierarchy, but individually thinking and acting men and women. And necessarily to such a democracy, the unit of the Church must be local and congregational. Complex organization, theology, or ritual is evidently opposed to the simple and loose democracy of the New Testament order.

The Church of Christ is a united Church. The Church, as the visible and organized body of Christ, must have not only spiritual unity, but some coöperative union to make it efficient. The true Church is one body. The historical Church has altered much, it has divided, it has mutilated itself. It has preached with clamant and confused voices. It knows as yet no way of conciliation, no final basis of union. Union cannot come by submission to a hierarchy. It cannot come by the usurpation of the State. It cannot come by any consensus of jangling theologies. It cannot come by any good-natured but insipid compromises. It can only come by the guidance of the Spirit of God: and let us remember, that that guidance is no subconscious and indefinable movement of the collective soul of the Church, but has already been a definite, direct and conscious voice for these nineteen centuries. The Word of God is the heart of the Church. The Word of God is the banner of Empire. The Word of God is the gate of peace. The Word of God is the voice of authority. The Word of God is the basis of union. The principles of the New Testament, fairly understood and honestly administered, would mean the ultimate reunion of all denominationalism.

The evangelization of humanity, the social amelioration of humanity, and the spiritual education of humanity, these preëminent functions demand the perpetuity and eternal

activity of the Church. Would that she better realized her great mission, and appreciated the need of unity in her vast emprise.

I stood on the little hill southeast of Leipsic, where stood Napoleon in that four days' battle of the nations in October, 1813. I remember how his lines, curved from river to river, moved slowly back under the pressure of double his forces. I saw again the Russians seven times repulsed from the redoubts of Schönefeld. I beheld the Prussians under Blücher, three times hurled back from the heights at Möckern. I saw the Austrians driven from their strong position at Wachau. The air throbbed with pulses of anguished spirits. I heard the groans and curses, the shriek of shell, the crash of ball, the wild yell of victory, or the wail of the wounded and dying. I felt how this great iron monster Napoleon must have felt to see his men gradually driven back and back, his daring sallies repulsed until only the narrow streets of Leipsic were left him for an ignominious and bloody retreat. What power had curbed this shadow of Satan, as his frightened contemporaries called him? What arm intervened to stay the ruthless invasion of this man who had overrun Europe and overwhelmed her fields with blood and her villages near by with despair? On a memorial stone I read this satirical Scripture—"The Lord is a Man of war, Lord is His name." Yes, the Lord had overthrown Napoleon, but He did so only when there marched against their Emperor, the allied armies of Prussia, Russia, and Austria, demonstrating the fact that strength lies in union.

I look over the spiritual battlefield of the nations. I see the serried ranks of the powers of darkness victorious in the field. I behold heathenism standing almost as a reserve to the embattled hosts of Satan. I see the regiments of drink, the brigades of lust, the battalions of vice marshaled in the fields with consummate skill. I see Sin leading his phalanxes against scattered and flanked squares of sturdy Christian fighters. I see ruin, shame, guilt, degradation, poverty, crime, death, hell, reeking from this shambles of humanity. And still the petty Churches squabble over precedents and whimsies—while men die and are damned

before their eyes. I cry, O God, give us one hour of Leipsic, one hour of a free, united and faithful Church, one hour of supreme fellowship in this battle of Thine allies, and, by Thy grace, we shall drive the Adversary to the farthest Elba of ocean, into an absolute and eternal exile.

XIV

CHANGELESS

NO symbol of our human experience is quite so suggestive as that of a river. Our very consciousness is only a changing current, moving onward toward some distant and hidden sea. Here and there an eddy stops us for a little; silt and sand stay for a moment our more rapid progress; now an island lifts its more stable cliffs above the mobile waters, only to be left far behind again as we murmur regret and good-by. Yet all the time we almost feel the pressure of the banks on either side, keeping us to some mysterious course. At times the river widens and the ripples laugh in the sun; sometimes the river deepens and narrows terribly, and treacherous tides and undertows thwart its onward urge. Still we feel on one side the obvious universe, with its certain and objective realities; and on the other bank, hidden by mist, the invisible world of God and angels.

Whether we dream with Coleridge of Xanadu, "where Alph, the sacred river ran through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea," or sing with Tennyson of the brook, "For men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever"; or brood with Longfellow on the bridge at midnight, watching the shadows of the Charles River: "Forever and forever, as long as the river flows, as long as the heart has passion, as long as life has woes," we are pervaded by the melancholy sense of change. The four-fold river flowed from the garden of Eden; the river plashed in the courts of David's Zion; the river flowed out from under Ezekiel's sanctuary; the river opened to the feet of Joshua's crusaders; the river under the Herculean ministry of the Baptist flooded the Augean hearts of the Hebrew nation; the river to the seer of Patmos issued from the very throne eternal, as crystal clear as love itself. The

atonement is a river to Wesley in his "Fountain filled with blood"; death is a river through which Bunyan sees Christian and Faithful pass unsinking; time is a river, flowing out into eternity; consciousness is a river, according to a popular French philosophy; Nature herself is a river, evolving in endless currents of progress; even God is so conceived, imminent, unfolding, carrying on.

History is redolent of changes. How far removed from our cement civilization are the marchings of Timur and the migrations of Abraham. Measure the triglyph of the Nile with the embrasure of a modern library. Contrast the clay tablets of Assyria with the spawning imprint of a morning edition. Egypt builds her mighty Pyramid of Ghizeh, while Gotham erects her cathedral Woolworth. Summon the heroes of Homer's song, with spear and arrow and chariot, led by Achilles and Ajax and Ulysses, and let them battle with the poilus of France, armed with bomb, poison gas, and the famous 75's. Pit the long black ships of Agamemnon with their owners, and rams and grappling hooks, against dreadnoughts belching salvos of death, our fatal submarines launching torpedoes, or aeroplanes hovering to let fall their high explosives. Contrast the streets of ancient Rome with our metropolis. They, too, had arches and temples and palaces and tenements. But visit Rome at night, and how vast the difference. True, the stars shine above the Capitoline, and fireflies flit over the Pontine marshes. Link boys with sooty torches escort senators and their ladies belated from some festival; tallow candles flutter feebly in the casements of huge castles. But, ah! only civilization could illumine the great White Way with its supernal splendor dedicated to chewing gum, automobiles and the various Follies of the town.

Vivid as are the changes of our outer life through invention, politics and art, not less vital are the changes in thought and faith and conduct through the centuries. Nominally at least we have forsaken old vulgarities like murder and highway robbery and drunkenness and piracy as no longer in the pales of respectability.

Instead of parents exposing children to perish on some bleak mountainside, children now expose parents impaled

on either horn of some social or economic dilemma. Where once woman plied her distaff in the seclusion of the home, to-day she is not only equal but much more than the equal of her economic provider. Where once slaves were pierced with bodkins or torn at the wheel, now society permits nothing more ungenteel than starvation for her servant classes. Instead of the gladiatorial lust for blood which swayed the Roman populace we only allow that more civilized and Christian lust which is aroused by bedroom comedies. And although we permit war as bloodthirsty and vindictive as ever Hun or Tartar marshaled, we have the grace to shed tears over it and bestrew the grave of humanity with flowers of rhetoric and noble sentiment.

So thoroughly have we become impregnated with this idea of change that we have made it into a god with thousands of educational shrines, and millions of children fall down and worship Evolution. Instead of thinking our facts through we leave it to Evolution. Instead of believing in personal responsibility we invoke the god of social evolution. Instead of supplicating a Father Deity we implicitly trust an idol not of wood or stone, but a mere abstraction, a theoretic process called Evolution. Our appetite for change grows by what it feeds on. Since everything thus changes, and all changes are, of course, for the better, guaranteed by Evolution, the faster things change the sooner will we reach our millennial goal. So this idea of change is accelerated in those whose minds are obsessed by this idolatry. We don't know where we're going but we are on our way. The more we hurry, the sooner we will find out. The Japanese commits hara-kari, and the American commits hurry-scurry, a process equally fatal.

We are as willing to scrap our theology as we are to scrap our battleships. The old vocabularies of grace and penitence, of faith and salvation, of ordination and atonement are falling into the discard. Ancient creeds and antique disciplines are devolved into ritual from essential truth. The icy rigors of Methodism in regard to amusements are melting to a congenial endurance of cards and dancing and theater, once the sure shibboleth of every evangelist and catechist. How have we fallen away from

the old theologies of the atonement, and the millennium and creation and inspiration. We have learned that heaven counts for little, but it's a grand road leading in that direction; that the individual salvation of a soul is a triviality, but that the social organism that breeds and fosters trivialities is a divine mélange. The Bible is no longer the religion of many Protestants, and the Church is a cocoanut shy for every holiday maker to throw at. But the Kingdom of God, that is being interpreted, the democracy of man, that indeed is a very respectable matter.

Amid all these restless changes of fact and thought, I do not wonder that many would like to find a place to rest if only for a night. I am not surprised that Cardinal Newman found a refuge from the flood in the unchanging theology of the medieval Church. Archimedes, the famous Greek philosopher of Syracuse, needed only a fulcrum for his lever, and he would have lifted the very earth itself. A fulcrum, that is our need to-day, in these tides that ebb and flow about our knees. If we had but one unchanging and unchangeable truth, we could lift the burden of the universe. So many teachers, so many systems, so many doctrines, and surmises and guesses at truth. Give me my one fact, like a nail in a sure place, and I will hang the infinite upon it. Guarantee one absolute verity that I need not qualify, nor whittle down, nor apologize for, nor take exception to, and to that verity I am willing to commit my whole faith and destiny.

Philosophies and theories and predications shall pass, but that great truth shall abide. The changing river shall flow on and on, but that faith shall not be left behind. Whatever sea changes may accomplish, whatever time may dim or custom stale, one thing abides:

"Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to-day and forever."

The writer of Hebrews affirms the identity of Jesus Christ through all the fluctuations of time and theology. He asserts the identity of the Babe of Bethlehem with the Saviour crucified on Calvary. In the various estimates of the New Testament writers we behold one living personality. The Christ of the ages is forever one. Tissot may paint him as an Arab, Titian may turn him to an Italian,

Rubens may give him the physiognomy of the Netherlands, Murillo may see him as a dark-eyed child of Spain; clothing and color may differ, face and figure may vary in expression, grouping and light; the widest diversity may be pictured, but the heart never fails to recognize its Christ. So we believe through the centuries Christ is the same; though he was a Hebrew in Jerusalem, a Greek in ancient Constantinople, a Latin in Rome,—every country taking the dress and color of the people's thought,—yet for all that, the unchanging Christ. Who but the transcendent Christ could have survived the shifting floods of changing religious conceptions, migrations of pagan peoples, disruptions of ancient civilizations, and contentious theologies of 2,000 years. Yet here he stands unshaken in a world too sadly shaken, the figure of all time. Christ is the same in Byzantium or Antioch or Alexandria, in Ephesus or Athens or Florence, in Calcutta or Moscow or Chicago. Christ is the same, though empires fail and democracies flourish; though chivalry decay and factories increase, amid the war and welter of human opinion and social revolution Christ remains, the cynosure of all hearts, the abiding of all faith.

And that which evidently He has been in the yesterdays of the world and certainly is in the to-days of the world He must be in its to-morrows. It is unthinkable that we can get along without Him. The unification of the earth demands this focal center for its belief. Whatever may change, Christ will not change.

Humanity, with all its variations, is, so far as history can trace, fundamentally identical. Whatever may be the speculations of scientists, and however much the modern American varies from the prehistoric Heidelberg man or Neanderthal man, or however great may be the distance from William Shakspeare down to the most pitiful Terra del Fuegan, man is identical with himself. He is true to his type. Personality, as revealed in Christ, is the perfected personality of every human being. Humanity is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. Man has his mind; he thinks, and he must think. He may think crookedly and foolishly and weakly, but everywhere he thinks. Man is

emotional; he feels incoherently and wildly and ineptly, but he feels. Emotion is even more of him than is thought. The savage may feel more, and the civilized man less, yet none can miss the identity of the race. Humanity is the same in will; not in its use or abuse, not in its power or control, but in the sheer fact of will. Man has a conscience; not always effective, nor refined, nor quick to respond to the right, yet there it is, mark of identity by which the race is known. Mind, heart, will, conscience, are the unfailing attributes of humanity. Whatever prophecy or type of these may shadow forth in other life, these surely are manifest in universal man. They are as evident in the Chaldeans as in the Californians; Aristotle deals with the same humanity as does William James. Evolution can show no fundamental changes in historical humanity. Whatever may have been the stages through which creation has moved from amœba to man, humanity remains one and identical, held together in the fixation of species.

This changelessness of humanity demands the changeless Christ.

Is man always and everywhere a thinker? Christ is forever the Logos. He is the truth. He knows. He reveals. All that logic and rhetoric, science and philosophy, attempt and fail, he declares. What scalpel and microscope and radium and chemical reagents cannot discern, He manifests. Christ is mind. Is man always and everywhere emotional? Christ is the Lover of the World. He is Pain incarnate; He is tenderness infinite. The lonely find Him friendship; the sorrowing find Him comfort. The home affections mellow with His presence. He transfigures the paintings of Raphael and Del Sarto. He moves the fingers of Sebastian Bach. Is man always and everywhere a living will? Christ is the will of heaven. He delights to do the Father's will. He is the eternal purpose. He is your fragile will and my stubborn will sublimed to the infinite and made perfect through tears. Is man always and everywhere a conscience? Christ is the voice of duty, the positive of the negative demon of Socrates; the whisper of warning to the awaking soul, the answer of a good conscience toward God. He is the forgiveness of sin and reconciliation

with the Father. The moral identity of humanity is the moral identity of Christ.

And last, Christ must be the same yesterday, to-day and forever, for God is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. Though we do not so strenuously insist nowadays on the static imperturbability of the Deity, yet we must insist on the fundamental unity of God in person and in time. Is God in the making, as man and the universe are in the making? Now though we recognize wide changes in God's revelation of Himself, and might even admit the possibility of a Deity that grows, we refuse to commit ourselves to the star mists of Pantheism, or the various disguises of Polytheism. The God, the true God, of the Hebrews is the God of the Christians. That the ancient Israelites did not so understand Him is their misfortune, not His error. We affirm the identity of God, however theologies may misrepresent Him. He is the God of Holiness, of Power, of Wisdom and of Love. Christ is the same because God is the same. He reveals God. He is God. He is identical with God, in that sense which alone can challenge and pass the test of practical utility. The pragmatic value of God is His moral value, His ethical character. However we may differ about the metaphysical Oneness of the Father and the Son, after all, who understands or uses such propositions in His actual conduct? But when I affirm the moral and spiritual unity of Christ with the Father, then I am saying something that I can understand, something that works in my own experience. And this is the identity I urge, the identity of Christ with Himself, the identity of Christ with the Father. They are ethically and spiritually one and inseparable. He is the last word in goodness. He is the final expression of love. Human evolution nor imagination can ever surpass Jesus. He may have metaphysical relations into which I cannot go. But this spiritual identity and supremacy I accept; in it I rejoice, I find in it the grace of a living God.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

XV

THE HEART'S HOME TOWN

THE Messiah of the world came from Main Street, Nazareth. How this must have astonished both Philip the Cosmopolitan and Nathanael the Nationalist. Nazareth was a one-horse town, with no advantages which might produce or explain the advent of a Master. Yesterday Paul boasted that he came from no mean city and was a citizen of proud Rome. To-day the president of a great university urges the metropolis as the true seat of academic learning. The city has captured and thrall'd the imagination of the race; we flock from abandoned farms and deserted villages, under the delusion that here life must be more profitable, greater, happier, better than in the old home town of our boyhood.

The history of the world is the history of great city States, Nineveh, Babylon, Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Paris, London, New York. Here is the omnium-gatherum of the universe. Hither come the ships from every clime, with every sort of lading. Here assemble the wise of every trade and science, to consult and to publish. Here wealth rears her vaults and her palaces. Here luxury heaps her polluted altars with the victims of her lust. Here national pride erects its monuments to the go-getters of the past. Here invention exhausts the very powers of nature to multiply the speeding vortexes of this human maelstrom. Here flourish the arts, the schools, the libraries, the hospitals of healing, the colonies of creative personality. All the tides of energy and the streams of history converge and swirl through the canyons of this mighty macrocosm. Surely there never was so splendid a center for the production of life values and world leaders. Little old New York is the true home for Messiahs and the true generator of millenniums. *Ex nihilo nihil*. What can you expect out of Nazareth?

The modern city can remain magnificent only so long as it is ministered to by confluent villages. The most pitiful city in the world is beautiful Vienna, robbed of her tributary countryside, now inhabited only by the specters of famine and the ghosts of past glory.

"Woe to that land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, deserted, derided, is still the nest of singing birds and the home for earth's heralds. Man was not made to be satisfied always with palaces, gorgeous hotels, skyscrapers and enormous wealth. Noise, glitter and crowds will not forever hush our yearning for peace, for the old-fashioned quiet that was home. Probably in the most hardened cosmopolite comes at times an old echo of an old-home song, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Home, Sweet Home," which the blare of all the jazz orchestras in the world cannot silence.

Jerusalem may hypnotize the eye of the mind of man, but his heart ever turns to one of three villages—to Bethany, where Jesus was guest at the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus; to Bethlehem, where He was born in a manger; to Nazareth, where He grew in favor, in favor with God and man. Jerusalem may be needed to complete the prophet's effective career, but Nazareth must prepare and tune Him for His supreme task. Actually there is ever a strife between the city and the town; really there must be a sort of reciprocity. We cave-dwellers of Manhattan and Brooklyn must maintain at least a bus line running out and back to the heart's home town. Geographically we do this when we become commuters, and live our days in the city and spend our nights in the suburbs. Often men who have "made good" in the city return at life's eventide to some quaint village or sequestered hamlet. Will Shakspeare, fresh from the one-horse town of Stratford, captures fame and wealth in teeming London, then returns, mellow and wise of heart, to pass his afternoon as a burgher of his native place.

What is there in the air of the heart's home town that better fills the lungs of the soul than the dust and stench of great cities? What did Nazareth have that Jerusalem lacked? On what food did our Savior feed that He grew to such comely stature? Is Nazareth after all only a little edition of Jerusalem? Is a town simply a city that failed to boom? Is pettiness ever to be synonymous with littleness? Is the census the proper measure of amplitude? Is the summum bonum to be ever-increasing speed, noise, crowds and explosions?

Nazareth has its limitations, of desire, of communion, of opportunities. An unlimited life squanders itself on the impossible. The village should not pretend to be nor aspire to become a city. Why should a river want the whole Mississippi Valley for its current? Would the Pennsylvania Railroad gain by building its rails forty feet apart? Why should we pull down all the picturesque old gray stone fences that guarded our pastures? Is there yet no virtue in well-trimmed hedges along the lane, nor sheltering walls for sunny gardens? No man may be a universal genius. We must choose our town, understand that each must have his own abiding place, and therewith be content. Your true artist has a certain canvas to cover, a certain niche to fill. Why should he try to paint all outdoors with crimson, or splash the Milky Ways of experience with rainbows? We are not called upon to lift the world, like Atlas. Ours is to lift the stones from own lots, and to lend our neighbors a hand. Let us accept the universe, and accept such smaller fragments thereof as may consort with our powers.

Nazareth has its community of affection. We do not love each other in New York. Nor do we hate each other. The affections are turned ashen. We admire, we endure, we criticize, we sneer, but we neither love nor hate. The city is too large, time too short, we are too busy, to ponder personalities. There is no hatred like the narrow crusted grudge of a small town feud. But also there is no friendship so strong and lasting as in the heart's home town. The rivers of commerce are wide, but not very deep. At Nazareth a father may learn the growing splendor of his

son's aspiration. At Nazareth a son may apprehend how the Divine mercy is incarnate in earthly fatherhood. At Nazareth mother has time and opportunity to spread the wings of faith and prayer above the child bowed at her knee. At Nazareth brotherhood is no mere sentimentalism, but the active communion of brother with brother in the experience of the home. In Jerusalem we have many acquaintances, but the heart cannot forget the old-time friends of Nazareth.

Nazareth has its years of discipline. The slow years are steadied by labor of the hands. The carpenter sweats at real tasks. He does not print fabulous fortunes on green-edged certificates.

A sudden turn of the market does not dazzle his eyes with quick-rich splendor. He does not run with a football which magically becomes a king's ransom. He does not receive the maximum wages for the minimum service. Nor does he turn mechanism, standardized like his products, a speck in the dust of vast factories. With his own hands, with his own tools, dreaming his own dreams, he fashions the gnarled olive and stubborn oak into lintels for doors, rafters for roof shelters, furniture for homes, boats for stormy seas. And as he disciplines the timber, so he disciplines his own soul, and fashions it to the needs of earth and the loveliness of heaven. The discipline of the city is the grind of rock on rock, the wash of the tides that pass. But in Nazareth the heart has found its own secret, and fashioned its own ideal, and schooled itself in a conscious creative purpose beyond all time and accident.

Nazareth is outdoors among the hills. Its little valley is cupped by fifteen hillocks. Yet from one peak above the town are far horizons. The plain of Esdraelon lies below southward. I can see Tabor and Gibeon, and little Hermon, and farther yet the mountains of Samaria. Westward behold the heights of Mount Carmel and the blue expanse of the great Mediterranean Sea. To the north rise the Lebanon ranges, while eastward lie Mount Hermon's snowy summit and the range of Moab beyond blue Galilee. The sky is golden with sun, the meadows inlaid with innumerable kinds of flowers. Yonder the sheep are grazing, and

here twitter the happy sparrows, confident of a father's care. The nightly stars sing as they shine. The thunder is the whisper of heaven. The rainbow spans the promises of grace. The winds from sea and mountain breathe as the Holy Spirit. That Virgin's Fountain in the square holds the living waters. The harvests on the hills shall turn to-morrow to the bread of life.

Nazareth lies near to nature's heart. There is nature in the sky, but with a difference. In Jerusalem we know the laws of nature, nature as force and method, nature as science and utility, nature as cause and effect. In this we know nature to-day better than in all history. We have robbed the mines of coal and gold and iron. We have harnessed the waters and the tides.

We have measured the stars, charted their orbits and analyzed their chemical constituents. Steam, electricity, ether and dynamic elements have turned genii to serve our modern city. We have seen more of nature than the ancients ever dreamed. We have stared through telescopes and glared through microscopes and ogled nature through X-ray monacles. We have traversed all her seas in palatial liners. We have driven railroads across all her continents. We have even threaded her jungles and Saharas by automobile, and climbed her azure heights by airplane. We have listened to the ebb and drip of all her waves of ether. Yet with all this, though we know nature in all the practicalities, most of us are as ignorant as Esquimaux when it comes to knowing nature as interpreter. Where for us are the mystic voices of Nazareth? Where are the seer's vision and the poet's dream? For nature is to the eye of faith the symbol and prophet of the heart of man and the way of God. Her messages are not in mathematics nor mechanics. She speaks the language of the soul, the dialects of heaven. There is no dictionary of her words, no grammar of her sentences. Only to those initiated does she whisper. The wisecracks of the city pass by, looking for the road that leads to other cities. They can see the mile-stones of earth, but are blind to all the challenges of heaven.

Nazareth has time for God. There the Sabbaths are

sacred days, devoted to holier thought. The church still means much to the worshipers, who find the presence of God better than the rush of the automobile. There are noons of prayer in Nazareth, where, instead of quick lunches over hurried conferences, the soul takes siesta and communes with the divine. There are old-fashioned homes in Nazareth, where patriarchal fathers read the Old Scriptures to the listening flock. One of those sweet old chapters, that falls like dew upon the burdened spirit, and, like the velvet night, softens the glare of life's steep ways. Ah, the nights in Nazareth, where God's stars shine, unrivaled by the lights of Broadway, quiet, afar from the whizz and rumble, the shout and scream, of the more cultured city. Slowly, as the sheep graze, the mind browses on the meadow of the sky, and the heart is satisfied with unremembered mercies, and grows strong with the rising effluence of the earth. How many a dweller in Jerusalem, in the stern war of things and the current of facts, has slipped back in memory to the old home town and found peace and new ardor for the struggle that to-morrow brings.

If we may not live in Nazareth to-day, we must build a Nazareth in the very streets of Jerusalem. For the soul will perish of homesickness, unless sometimes it can come back to the village of heart's desire. "Some day I'll wander back again to where the old home stands." Some day, but not now. I haven't time. God pity you. You may be unable to commute to Long Island or Westchester or New Jersey, but right here in the massed and garish metropolis you must find a refuge for your heart. You may find Nazareth in a little circle of real friends, with whom you can forget the bitter strife and idiot clamor. Men have found Nazareth in books that revealed the secret of life hid from sages. There are still homes where fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, have had communion in affection and joy in service. And here is the peculiar mission of the church, communion within community, fellowship within society, Nazareth within Jerusalem.

The church has its limitations. It does not monopolize life, but qualifies and sanctifies it. Here may we expect a kindlier affection than in the crasser world without. Here

may the heart find those disciplines by which it becomes able for the wrestlings with the marketplace. Here is a chance for meditation, for the understanding of nature and grace, for the free play of imagination and of faith. And here in a serener mood and holier calm, the whisper of the Spirit comes across the hills of light, and we have communion with Him "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round world, and in the mind of man."

Can any good come out of Nazareth? Nay, was there ever prophet voice or celestial bard or holy saint whose life was compassed by the towers and canyons, markets and traditions of Jerusalem? Always, we shall find, there was a song of angels at Bethlehem, the opening of a grave at Bethany, the carpenter's task at Nazareth, that followed Him like a shadow through the city thoroughfares.

Have you ever been in Nazareth? And do you know the road home? Is there in your heart no homesickness for days gone by and for the old home town of the heart?

XVI

ONE THAT CARES

THE eminent proconsul of Achaia, Gallio, who refused to listen to the accusations of the enemies of the Apostle Paul, is a superlative example of a stoic gentleman. Brother to the greatest literary genius of his day, Seneca, highly endowed by nature, well connected by birth, adoption and marriage, cultured, disinterested, just and genial of disposition, universal favorite among his wide circle of friends, he was the Admirable Crichton of the age. Indeed, the phrase, "Gallio cared for none of these things," might mean that he refused to listen to sectarian jealousies, arguments about legalities, questions of mere names and personalities. He was superior to partisanship, moved in a higher plane of moral serenity; unvexed by the clamor and backbiting disputes and strifes of the common variety of man. They might bicker, but he was tranquil; they might quarrel, but he was placid; they might wrangle stupidly in the circles of mortal mind, but he breathed the delectable ozone of heavenly things. Let them not disturb his pure mind with their vulgarities, their tumults, their pitiful problems, their course and vapid antagonisms. What to him were the intensities of Judaism, or the immensities of Christianity? He lived apart, aloof from the raucous throng and the passionate marketplace. He was too magnanimous to hate and too proud to fight.

A comfortable and self-satisfied civilization tends to produce many Gallios. What pleasant people they are to know, on their own level! How amiable is their disposition, how innocent of harm, how lacking in normal animosities! Others may rant and rave and lose their temper over trifles and make costly sacrifices for doubtful gain, but not they. Theirs is the sense of poise, of elevation, unsullied by mud and unruffled by storm. Yet is this attitude not often a pose, a trick, an artifice? Is there not a

childish hypocrisy about it? Gallio could have eaten ice-cream while his neighbor's house burned. Gallio could have played his flute while Flanders flamed. Gallio could have botanized on the slopes of Golgotha while Christ was crucified. On the splendid bluff overlooking the Hudson, where that massive stone memorializes the massive and plodding genius of Grant, is an enclosed slab celebrating the virtues of "an amiable child" who died at 10 years of age. That child was like Gallio. Possibly the Civil War was all a mistake, the issues were never settled by battle, the tremendous effort was wasted, and terrific conflicts have been waged over trifles. Yet somehow we feel that there is stark reality in Grant. He lived as a warrior, intensely, bitterly, strenuously. Gallio lived delicately, ineffectually, intangibly. Did Grant die fighting cancer and debt? Well, Gallio stooped in vain to be procurer to the vices of Nero. Gallio cared for none of these things; but General Grant really cared.

A healthy appetite is a prime requisite to normal living. Zest is the virtue of abounding minds. I ask not what you have or know or do or are. I only ask if you care. That is the acid test of the moral life. Do you care? For, however amiable and learned and talented and virtuous and efficient you may be, that which gives value to your character and meaning to your activity is the objective and the degree of your caring. The sin of America is that it cares for none of these things. "Is it nothing to you, O ye that pass by?" That cry is wrung from the lips of the lonely prophet, the man waylaid on the road to Jericho, the Master nailed to the cross, every man groping for sympathy most of all. "Oh, that some one really cared." If only some one cares enough we can endure privation and Herculean labor, defeat and shame, agony and death itself. Life is well worth and death well met if some one wants us to live and misses us when we go. Remember, boys, as you take that last look at mother's face, that what you prized most in her, what kept you true and straight and clean was not her learning, for there were better scholars than she. It was not her housekeeping; there were better cooks than she. It was not her grace of feature or carriage,

for there were many more beautiful than she. Others were more talented, others more popular, than mother. But mother cared. She cared if you were good or bad; she cared if you were well or ill; she cared if you succeeded or failed. Whatever any one else thought or said or did, mother cared. That was all. That was enough. The consciousness of that care saved many a lad from hell. The knowledge of that care helped unknown heroes to endure the cross.

We need to cultivate the fine art and capacity for greatly caring. Our hearts become jaded and dull. We quickly lose interest in causes and folks. He is greatest among you who cares most for the most and the best. The most striking characteristic about Theodore Roosevelt was not the virility of his judgment, nor the variety of his information, but the intensity of his caring. He cared tremendously for every problem and for every person he met. You could feel his soul leap to greet all, from cowboy down to Congressman. How eagerly he throws his hat into the ring! How boyishly he splashes through Rivers of Doubt! How bully every experience! How delighted he is with every acquaintance! Roosevelt really cared.

There was once a mayor of a great city, London or Liverpool or some such place. He was really a likeable fellow, of kindly intentions and honest as politicians go. He was not very clever nor able, and his confederates were suspicious characters. Yet the people re-elected him with great applause, for they said, "He was once poor like us. He knows and he cares." Perhaps he did, but that is what the voters in London or Liverpool, or whatever the name of the city was, wanted most. They wanted a man who cared.

Seven ministers of Boston marched one day to the union headquarters and were assigned jobs as day laborers with shovel and wagon and overalls. They were not intent to become day laborers; they were not demonstrating better efficiencies in the art of pick and shovel. All they wished to do, if by this sign they could, was to tell the laboring man that the ministers and the churches really cared. Every year \$200,000,000 is wasted on music lessons. In addition to this economic waste the horror of finger exer-

cises and arpeggios and practicings, infantile rebellion and neighborhood execration! For most of these musical monstrosities do not really care for music. Not all the ardent teachers, nor expensive instruments, nor folios of sonant masterpieces can beget music in the heart of one that does not care. Beyond all talent and opportunity, Caruso cared, and became a golden voice; Paderewski cared, and wove silken tapestries of sound; Paganini cared, and lured ethereal beauty to follow his hypnotic bow; Handel cared, and all the angels and archangels sang for him a Hallelujah chorus.

Six things slack and dilute our sense of caring—natural disposition, repetition, old age, the plethora of things, over-concentration, and a stoic philosophy. Too easily we accept the limitations of nature. We are lethargic, and stolid and stupid by nature; then why worry. "If you like that sort of thing, well, you like it, that's all." "I am not interested"—a majestic dismissal, as though it were a sort of virtue not to be interested. The old dramatist was right who found himself interested in every human thing. He who deliberately shuts down on any human appeal, as though unworthy his attention, is like a man who might try to walk using his muscles only from the knee down.

The repetitions of custom and habit destroy the fine exultancy of caring. The kiss of the honeymoon becomes the good-by peck of the matron. The thrilling drama of religion turns to formal procession. The very words of holy Scripture, often repeated, fall inert and desiccate. External things cannot supply this perennial charm and emotion. There must be within you a well-spring of delight, a fountain of feeling, which bubbles forth into every convenient channel. You must add to the ritual every tender memory and associated ideal. Eternal courtship is the price of marital felicity. The Scripture itself needs the rich glosses of to-day's experience. Habit may be a golden ornament or an iron chain, just as you choose. You must practice the art of caring.

But old age slips in, insidious and lethal. Your blood thins, your nerves slack, and your interest lags. Yet there are old folk that challenge age to change their ardor. How

eagerly they explore every realm, how zealously they pursue every task. Eighty is but beginning life's quest. Society grows old as well as the individual. The lassitude of social masses, *fin du siècle* degeneracies, ennui and boredom are diseases of a lost youth and a decrepit age. We have no right to let our bodies grow old before their time. We have no right to let our souls lose their ardencies before their time. And the time for the soul is eternity.

Some of us are smothered by the plethora of things. So many books to read, so many petitions to sign, so many lectures to attend, so many causes to indorse, so many societies to join, till at last the sated soul bursts its patience, tears charity into smithereens, crams the waste-paper basket with appeals, lights his pipe and proclaims the horrid blasphemy, "I don't care." Then for a while we really don't care, and then for the rest we really can't care.

Sometimes it is that we scourge our souls to a single task, and under our ambition's whip our enslaved faculties dare not so much as lift their eyes from the immediate job. We must succeed, and therefore must concentrate. This one thing I do, and leave the rest to others. And we gain a fortune, a fame, a power, and lose our souls and lose the jolly old world into the bargain. Who says that the green earth is bound with ticker tape, and that the motive power of the universe is a treadmill?

Finally, the stoic gospel in various forms asserts that peace belongs to the man who does not care, who rids himself of all entangling alliances; who avoids the weakness of mundane affections. Do not prize friends too much for you shall lose them. Nor fame, for it is a bubble. Nor causes, for they shall fail. Nor leaders, for they disappoint. Obey the great laws of nature, live rationally, but elide affection from your nature; hush your heart beats, they betray you to your lurking enemies, only keep cool and you will keep happy. Just here Christianity differs. Right manhood is not to care little, but to care much. The greatest in the kingdom is he that cares the most. The best thing about Deity is not that He is just or powerful, or wise, or everywhere, but that he cares, God cares. He cares for the lily, the sparrow, the coin, the sheep, the prodigal. He

cares for the race, the nation, the individual. Supreme personality is the capacity to care for everything and everybody. It is God's infinite care that makes Him God. Jesus interprets God because Jesus cared more than any that ever lived. It is not that He knew more than other teachers, not that He had vaster powers than other prophets; not that His plans had more scope and His dreams more reality, though these things are true. Jesus cared and therefore God cares. This is frankly anthropopathic. This is why I believe it. Who is the best interpreter of the Deity, if not the human heart? Shall I ask Mt. Everett to tell me about God? Shall I ask the storm-smitten Atlantic to utter His name in its mighty surges? Shall the recluse stars give answer for my doubts? Will horrent lightning silence my soul's questionings? Shall atoms and molecules show me the secret of the unknown God? I want to find God, but the God I want to find is a God that cares, else I have very little use for Him.

And so I turn me back to the God of whom my mother taught me, the God of whom Jesus was the son, and the revealer, the God that knows my sorrows and that carries my griefs, the Father God that cares for my soul. "For He careth for you."

XVII

HEAVEN CLOSED FOR THE SUMMER

MEN prayed for rain in New Jersey last week and this week it rained. Sheer credulity, mere coincidence. So say our meteorologists. Perhaps they are right, the wise ones. Doubtless thermometers and barometers know more of God's intentions than do humble hearts. And yet, and yet, somehow mixed into the very stuff of being, woven into the very warp of circumstance, is the conviction that God cares somehow, some way for his own. The rain may fall upon the just and the unjust alike, but the Lord does not pour out showers of blessing unconditionally. Rain may fall, but it runs off the hard, impenetrable soil and brings no harvest, while upon the tillage of faith moisture becomes abundant mercy. Only he who brings his full tithe into God's storehouse shall have heaven's windows opened.

Certainly spiritual drouth is always coincident with a sterile heart and a niggard hand. The real rainmakers are the innocently religious. Faith draws up waters from the fountains of the great deep. Faith wafts moisture-laden clouds across the parched fields and withered slopes. Faith turns the vagrant mist to dew, dispels the fogs in rainfalls of refreshing. Whether the rain come from east or west or north or south, what matter, if our drouth be broken? And if in His mysterious way God satisfies the heart with good things, may we not accept the gift, though we feebly discern the manner of its advent?

I once saw a sign in summer above the door of a city church, "The Church of the Heavenly Rest, closed through the summer." More and more it is becoming the fashion to close all churches through the vacation period. There is a real loyalty among those who protest against this increasing practice. Suppose that many do go away for weeks, there are yet thousands left who need the ministries of re-

ligion. And suppose few take advantage of summer services, should they be permitted to be robbed of their privilege by the negligence of the many? Are there not still people to be married, and folks to be buried, and sick to be comforted, and sinners to be converted, and saints to be edified, in summer as well as in winter?

How many businesses are there which can run successfully on three-fourths time as well as on full time? And since religion is a habit, do not many lose enough of the habit in three months to discontinue altogether? Does the Devil ever close down for the summer? Is he not everlastingly busy, going about seeking whom he may devour? And will he not catch up in the summer all the ground he may presumably have lost in the winter? Is there a more pitiful surrender to mere weather than the sign on the church door, "Closed for the summer"? It looks like the name "Ichabod" above the portals, "The glory of the Lord hath departed." There is loyalty merely in the continuity of service. There is faith in the very persistence of effort. There is heroism in the sheer fronting of difficulty. Let the Church keep its doors open all through the year.

"But may there not be a zeal which is not according to knowledge?" is the reply of the opposition. Should not the Church try to minister most effectively to its whole constituency for the entire year? May not the handful of enthusiasts be a bit selfish in their insistence on the expense of continued services, and a bit hypercritical of those who require rest from active attendance? Cannot weddings, funerals, sick calls, be looked after by adequate ministerial arrangements without the opened church? Have sinners, in a hurry at an inopportune time, no other place to confess their sins, or saints no other way of refreshing their souls. The public schools seem to flourish under the nine months' rule. A number of theaters seem to think it wise to close in the hot season. And were there general agreement, doubtless certain other lines would profit in the long run by a longer summer vacation. Of course all churches will not close up, and it is easily possible for one to continue his religious habit by attending services other than in his own church. Quite true, the Devil is busy in summer and

he certainly has the admirable virtue of perseverance. Yet since perseverance and obstinacy are sometimes likely to be confused, his assiduity need not necessarily demand our emulation. It might be a most unfortunate strategy to fight the Devil with fire, for rumor has it that he is acclimated to more heat than we might be able to endure. We do not need to surrender to the weather, but it is wise to accept it, with due humility and precaution. It is sometimes wise, even for shock troops, to pause for breath, or to stop for rations, or even to sleep for a few hours between battles. That the Church must always and ever be open in the summer leads to the necessity logically for it to be open every day, and then every hour in the day, which might carry the argument to absurd lengths. The sign "closed for the summer" would be pitiful, of course, if it meant really that heaven was closed for the summer, that faith was merely dormant during the summer, that spiritual life no more beat in our hearts, and that religion was banished from the haunts of men.

There is the open field, fresh with new mown grass, redolent with summer flowers or brilliant with growing garden vegetation. We have escaped from the city, its hot pavements, its rumble and hustle and stench and worry. We pass from the factory where things are made, wholesale, standardized, to the farm where things grow, each a living plant, different, wonderful. For beyond the miracles of electricity and steam, of gas engines and radios, of airplanes and subways, are the miracles that man has not yet produced, the miracles of life. It is well to forget machinery sometimes, and to behold the growing, pulsating life of creation. For "the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment." Lilies of the field are finer than tapestries and laces; and sparrows are still of more value than many phonographs.

"The time cometh when men shall worship God neither in Jerusalem nor in Gerizim, but in spirit and in truth." This is the time, summertime. Does the Lord confine His ministries to conventicles of worship, and to churches built with men's hands? I, too, love the sacred ancient places of prayer. Let us walk together down these shadowy aisles.

Those storied windows, rose and amber, sapphire and emerald, tell the old Bible episodes in celestial hues. Those mighty pillars, with clustered capitals, hold up a glorious nave worthy to be vestibule to heaven. Behold these walls, alight with costly mosaics, those marble altars, these granite effigies, where sleep the heroic dead. Yonder reclines a knight of the first crusade. Over there sleeps an eminent scholar. This chapel is in memory of a holy saint. Under that carved canopy sleeps a mighty king. Yonder all that was the beauty of a once beloved queen. We stand here now, under the great crucifix, fashioned by the crossing of the transepts. Golden heaven seems to cover us in that resplendent dome. Before us is the great altar, breathless in marble beauty. The choir stalls, elaborate in their curiously carved oak. Lacework of stone, about, below; pulpit and reading desk with eagle wings holding up the Book. Out of the mellow shadows I catch the sound of voices, mystic, far off, in evensong. The vast organ whispers an angel chant, the huge diapasons roll through nave and aisles; far up in the towers I hear the singing of the redeemed. For a thousand years men have here worshiped God. For a thousand years men have here knelt, and confessed their sins, and arisen forgiven and comforted. Here for a millennium they have sung their hallelujahs and their crusaders' marches, and their songs of holy quietude. Here has the Scripture been read for a thousand years; here the prophet preacher has expounded the holy way for ten long centuries. Ah, surely, if we would find God near, we should find him in this marvelous temple made with men's hands. Here surely religion is hallowed by time, consecrated by due form and ceremony, sanctified by prayers and tears, revered with holy memories. This must be the very spot where God opens His mysteries to faith, and heaven pours out blessing upon the trusting heart.

Yet the mightiest ministries of religion have not been in cathedrals at all. The earth's greatest sermon was spoken on the mountainside. Christendom's revival under the Wesleys awoke in the fields about Newcastle and Bristol and London. Whenever man gets religion, he wants to build a wall around it, and an arch over it, and reduce it

to a formula and to ceremony. But the voice of God is ever crying in the wilderness, "Come from your man-made houses and shut-in opinions, and enclosed and decorous formularies. Leave your ordered rites, your precious rituals, your indoor performances. Come out into the open, where there is no cloistral gloom, no artificial religiosity. Out into the open air, the wide sky, the blazing sunlight, where you may find God face to face. Behold and wonder at this vast cathedral, far beyond St. Peter's at Rome, or Seville, or Milan. What frescoes can excel these painted hills? What carvings vie with these delicately molded trees? Where will you find choirs with voices surpassing orioles and thrushes, the wind in the bough, the sea on the shoal? What dim windows can hold glory such as flames in the west at even? What twinkling candles can rival the stars or outblaze the resplendent sun? Where are there altars more secluded for your orisons, or where are shrines and chapels where more truly you can be alone with God? A thousand parables of life leap from the hedge or float across the sky. God calls you by the whippoorwill's note at night, or the robin's greeting at dawn. Forget the monstrous burden of city life, escape from the drudgery and monotony of the economic treadmill; leave the ways of men and seek the Great Silence, where God assuredly may be found.

Assuredly heaven is not closed in the summer, but are our hearts open? Have our eyes been anointed, our ears unstopped? Does vacation really mean the evacuation of the soul's best abiding places, the dissipation of her finest resources? Are our moral fibers to relax, as we relax our minds and muscle? Shall we be careless of our characters as we may be of our dress? Shall religion estivate in summer, as bears hibernate in winter? Shall the newspaper be turned over to the exploitation of bathing beauties and the soporifics of the silly season? Shall the call of the sea, of the mountain, be only the intoxication of pleasure and not the infilling of the spirit? Shall we only itch with excitement instead of being haunted by the eternal?

You may make one of three spiritual itineraries for your vacation, no matter where your geography lies. One says,

"I shall take a complete rest. No more church, no more Sunday school, no more religious books. I am fed up with these for the year. I shall absolutely break with my usual Sunday routine. No choir shall lure me to evening sings. No celebrated minister shall summons me by some great theme. No open-air services shall cheat of my vacation from everything. No books on prayer and world peace for me. I shall read detective stories and summer slush. Then in the fall I shall resume the old services with renewed energies."

But the sterner Puritan is horrified, "I shall do nothing of the sort. Relax? never; cease from religious duty: certainly not. I shall go to Northfield, or to Pentwater, or to Old Orchard. I shall attend morning prayers at six. I shall breakfast on Genesis, dine on the Gospels, sup on Revelation. I shall listen to notable pulpiteers and vivid Prophets. Instead of relaxing I shall specialize, intensify my religious opportunities. My vacation shall be preparation for larger duties in the coming year."

And there are those who are gypsies in heart, who need to loaf and invite their souls. They will wander lonely as a cloud. They will listen for the voices of Joan of Arc. They will look for the burning bush that Moses saw. They will turn poets, dream dreams, see visions, behold the beauty of the Lord, and commune with Him in the garden by twilight.

THE END

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